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Tercentenary Number

BACONIANA

9th April, 1626—9th April, 1926

"Place any other man of yours by this of mine."

—SIR TOBIE MATHEW

(In a letter to Cosimo, Grand Duke of Tuscany).

Francis Bacon.

ILLUSTRIOUS SON of an illustrious sire,
Immortal mortal—deathless still, though dead,
Whose heavenly alchemy with golden fire,
Could gild the pale stream in its sandy bed.
Had I the power to paint thee as I ought,
Philosopher and poet, doubly great!

With courtliest grace thy wit and wisest thought,
 Should reign for ever throned in sovran :tate.
 What though awhile the darkened cloud may hide
 Thy splendour from our eyes, yet soon shalt thou
 Shine forth in all thy glory long denied :
 And truth shall spread its halo round thy brow,
 For though the darkness lingers through the night,
 The morning comes, and morn shall bring the light.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

ORDINE sequeretur descriptio Tumuli Verulamiani, monumentum Nobiliss. Mutisii, in honorem domini sui constructum; quâ pietate, & dignitatem Patroni sui, quem (quod rari faciunt, etiam post cineres Coluit) consuluit; Patriae suae opprobrium diluit; sibi nomen condidit. Busta haec nondum invisit Interpres, sed invisurus: Interim Lector tua cura Commoda, & abi in rem tuam.

Crescit occulto velut Arbor aevo
 Fama Baconi,——

The Advancement of Learning, 1640.

“Nevertheless I do not pretend, and I know it will be impossible for me, by any pleading of mine, to reverse the judgment, either of Aesops cock, that preferred the barley-corn before the gem; or of Midas that being chosen judge between Apollo, President of the Muses, and Pan, god of the flocks, judged for plenty; or of Paris, that judged for beauty and love against wisdom and power; or Agrippina, ‘occidat matrem, modo imperet’; that preferred empire with any condition never so detestable; or of Ulysses, ‘qui vetulam praetulit immortalitati’; being a figure of those which prefer custom and habit before all excellence; or of a number of the like popular judgments. For these things must continue as they have been: but so will that also continue, whereupon learning hath ever relied, and which faileth not. ‘Justificata est sapientia à filiis suis’.”

—The Conclusion of the First Book of *The Advancement of Learning*.

INTRODUCTION.

BY THE HON. SIR JOHN COCKBURN, K.C.M.G., M.D.

APRIL 9TH will ever be memorable in the annals of England as the day on which Francis Bacon died. This number of BACONIANA is published in pious memory of the man who throughout the world is known as the Father of that Experimental Philosophy by which the secrets of nature were revealed and the machinery of the modern world set in motion. Three centuries ago the words "Crescit Fama Baconi" were uttered. Succeeding ages confirm the statement. It has been well said that "there is scarcely a book of solid worth published in which the name of Francis Bacon does not occur"; and hardly a day passes without his maxims being quoted in the Journals as giving sound advice in dealing with problems which perplex the present generation. He well knew that he stood on solid ground when he bequeathed his name and memory to foreign nations and the next ages. But, while the majesty of his intellect and the unerring prescience of his political genius have been amply acknowledged by the whole world, his moral character has been shamefully traduced by some of his fellow countrymen. It is strange that Englishmen, though saturated with his teaching and guided by his precepts, should have failed to recognise the nobility and grandeur of his life. This discrepancy has been forcibly expressed by Hepworth Dixon, who, in the "Personal History of Lord Bacon," says "We cannot hide his light, we cannot cast him out. For good if it be good, for evil if it must be evil, his brain has passed into our brain, his soul into our souls. We are part of him; he is part of us; inseparable as the salt and the sea. The life he lived has become our law. If it be true that the Father of Modern Science was a rogue and a cheat, it is also most true that we have taken a rogue and a cheat to be our god."

Captain Gundry has collected the opinions of those who knew Bacon or have conscientiously studied his character. These will be found in this number of BACONIANA and should for ever dispel the imaginings of men who have

maligned him. It is doubtful if such tributes as those of Sir Tobie Matthew, Dr. Rawley, Ben Tonson and Archbishop Tenison have ever been paid to the moral worth of any other mortal. The estimation in which Bacon was held at the seats of learning may be gathered from the eulogy pronounced by the celebrated divine, George Herbert, as Public orator at the University of Cambridge, vide p. 162.

When Francis Bacon died, a wail of lamentation, at the loss which the world had sustained, ascended from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. These outpourings of sorrow were written in the form of Latin verses and came from the pens of the classic scholars of the day. Although they were published in 1626 and printed in the Harleian Miscellany in 1813 they seem to have escaped the notice of recent Biographers. The originals, together with a translation by the Rev. W. A. Sutton appear in these pages. They completely refute the frequently expressed opinion that Bacon was not a poet. Williams calls him "Apollo, the leader of the choir of disciples of the Muses." Another writer describes him as "the day star of the Muses" and makes Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy, appeal thus to Atropos, one of the Fates. "Take the whole world, only give me back my Phœbus." He is also styled "the tenth Muse and the glory of the Choir." Thomas Randolph, himself a poet and dramatist of note, fancies "that Phœbus withheld his healing hand from his rival, because he feared his becoming King of the Muses." In addition to the testimony of the "Manes" the opinions of some of those best qualified to judge of Bacon's merit as a poet will be found herein. That of Shelley alone should be sufficient to settle the question. It is sometimes urged that Bacon's translation of the Psalms of David does not reveal high poetical genius, but the exigencies of rendering Holy Writ in verse are such as to preclude the usual poetic licence. In any case, Bacon's attempts in this direction are superior to those of Milton, which have never been allowed to detract from his reputation as a great poet. The disparagements of Bacon uttered by the ignorant and

unthinking are based chiefly on Pope's brilliant antithesis and Macaulay's amplification of it. Pope needed a dark background to set off his adjectives "wisest" and "brightest," yet he could hardly have selected a phrase so inapplicable as "meanest of mankind" to Bacon who was noted for his liberality and lavish expenditure. There are numerous instances of the manner in which he requited those who brought him gifts. One example will suffice. To a man who brought him fruit he gave £10, whereupon the King exclaimed "My Lord, my Lord, this is the way to beggars' bush." Magnificence, munificence and magnanimity rather than meanness, were Bacon's distinguishing characteristics. Macaulay, who paraphrased Pope's line, and was also a consummate artist in producing effect by contrasts, praises Bacon's intellect to the skies in order to make the condemnation of his moral character more striking. As a work of fiction his essay is superb but it is full of glaring inaccuracies. Indeed undergraduates are warned against ever accepting his statements as history. Lord Acton describes his writings as "flashy and superficial" and adds "he was not above par in literary criticism; his Indian articles will not hold water; and his most famous reviews, on Bacon and Ranke, show his incompetence." Macaulay accuses Bacon of servility, cruelty, faithlessness in friendship and corruption. Bacon lived in an age of sycophancy and flattery, but he was less prone to these faults than his contemporaries. One great statesman of honoured name gave to his son lessons in the art of fawning which to-day would be considered incredibly base. Sir Frederick Pollock remarks in a letter that Macaulay's "legendary Bacon cringed; the real Bacon addressed persons of high rank as general custom required him to address them, but did not fear to give them counsel which at that time was very bold, and which they neglected to their loss. The legendary Bacon sold himself; the real Bacon thought it better to serve his country with, and under, men inferior to himself than not to serve it at all. The legendary Bacon was a pleaser of men; the real Bacon pleased great men, on the whole, ill rather than well,

though he had nothing to learn (as one may read in his Essays) about the politic act of pleasing." There never was anyone against whom a charge of cruelty could be laid with less truth than against Bacon. One apostrophe to his memory was "O thou who in thy lifetime wast so good to all things living, how they now seem to lament thy death." Bacon's nature was gentle and benign. He was as lenient in his treatment of criminals, as Colæ, his contemporary, was brutal. Macaulay accuses Bacon of torturing a prisoner and says that he "went to the Tower to listen to the yells of Peacham." But Bacon had nothing to do with the matter beyond performing his duty as an officer of the Crown in reporting to the King the result of an examination which was ordered by the Privy Council. This was not, as Macaulay alleges, illegal; it was the custom of the times under the exercise of the Royal Prerogative. As for the accusation of infidelity to Essex; although this still rankles in the mind of the public, it is devoid of any foundation. The outbreak of Essex was the result of deep laid treason, and not, as some imagine, of a sudden impulse. He had been entrusted by the Queen with a large army to conquer Tyrone and subdue Ireland. Instead of this he even contemplated at one time invading England and using the Queen's troops against a Monarch who had loaded him with honours, had indulged his caprices and had treated him as a fond mother might have treated a spoilt child. He was, however, dissuaded from pursuing this course as too hazardous. Eventually, against the Queen's orders, he returned to England with a select number of followers intending to surprise the Court and force the Queen to consent to his terms. This intention was, however, frustrated by the policy of Elizabeth who, uncertain as to the strength of his adherents, received him kindly but kept him in custody. Bacon from first to last did all he could for Essex, and ignorant of his designs, pleaded for his release. But, when eventually set free, Essex entered again into seditious projects which resulted in a futile rebellion. He was, together with Southampton, brought to trial for high treason, and

Bacon, as a Counsel for the Crown, had to take a subordinate part in the prosecution. Macaulay maintains that he ought to have refused and should have stood by the side of Essex to solicit a mitigation of the penalty. Apart from the absurdity of committing such a flagrant act of insubordination, to have done as Macaulay suggests would have sealed the fate of Essex. With the overwhelming evidence in the possession of the Crown a sentence of death was inevitable. Any attempt at extenuation could only aggravate the offence; nevertheless Essex strove to justify himself by feeble and untenable excuses. These Bacon demolished in the hope of bringing Essex to reason and inducing him to adopt the only chance of saving his head by throwing himself on the Queen's mercy as Southampton successfully did. Had he followed the course urged by Bacon his death warrant would never have been signed by Elizabeth who to her dying day lamented his fate with tears and only consented to his execution on account, as Camden says, of "his perverse obstinacy, who scorned to ask her pardon and had declared openly that his life would be the Queen's destruction." It is not the case, as Macaulay alleges, that Bacon's conduct at the trial of Essex excited great and general disapprobation. But it is true that his life was threatened by some disappointed conspirators who were under the erroneous impression that he had used his influence with the Queen against Essex. The execution of a nobleman who was the idol of the people involved Elizabeth in some odium. It was, therefore, determined by the Government to set forth clearly the depth and danger of his treason and to demonstrate that his condign punishment was necessary to secure the safety of the Crown by deterring other malcontents, of whom there were many, from following his example. Bacon played only a subordinate part, hardly more than that of a secretary, in preparing the "Declaration of the Treason of Robert, Earl of Essex." The Queen accused him of thinking more of his old friend than of her interests and the draft was altered accordingly after it left his hands. Bacon doubtless concurred in its production as necessary to remove

popular misapprehensions. But as he had once told Essex, his duty to his Sovereign was above all other considerations. Nevertheless Macaulay upbraids him for exerting "his professional talents to shed the Earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken the Earl's memory." Throughout the whole period of their association, and up to the last, Bacon's conduct to Essex was that of a true friend. His intercessions sometimes excited the Queen's wrath and, but for Bacon's unswerving loyalty, would have created a suspicion that he had some sympathy with designs which Essex had always carefully concealed from him. Elizabeth, despite her love for Essex, had suspicions as to his loyalty. Indeed she once warned him not to touch her sceptre lest she should be compelled to punish him, not by her own laws, but by the laws of England. Elizabeth must have laughed in her sleeve at the innocence of her usually wise adviser when he was pleading for the restitution of Essex. On one occasion she said, "Whensoever I send Essex back again into Ireland I will marry you; claim it of me." Bacon was known to his contemporaries as a "friend unalterable to his friends." Macaulay's aspersions may therefore in this respect be dismissed as baseless. If taken at its face value Bacon's confession of corruption gives Macaulay more ground to build upon. But this so-called confession was only a verbal acquiescence made at the desire of the King to save Buckingham. Bacon never ceased to assert his own innocence. He lived in an age of corruption yet, as Isaac Disraeli says, he was himself incorruptible and never gave an unjust or partial judgment. Mallet puts the matter in a nutshell when he remarks that Bacon was made the scapegoat of Buckingham. The charges against him were trumped up by his political enemies. Presents from suitors were in accordance with the custom of the day and were part of the perquisites of officials whose salaries were merely nominal. Bacon could easily have defended himself, but in view of the attitude of the King and Buckingham he could do nothing without jeopardising the Crown. He might have urged that, though he had cleared the

Courts from arrears in an almost incredibly short time and had given about 2,000 decrees in each year, not a single case of perverted judgment could be charged against him. Had he challenged a comparison with his predecessors and contemporaries in accepting gifts, no one would have ventured to cast a stone at him. But such action on his part would have defeated one of the objects of his life. He rejoiced at the prospect of purging the Courts of Justice from the abuses of the day, and in his "submission and supplication" to the House of Lords he finds it in his heart to say in the midst of his affliction—"Though it be my fortune to be the anvil in which these good effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort." The condemnation of Bacon was merely a gesture on the part of Parliament to appease the wrath of the public at the misdeeds and exactions of those in power. Little was said in England at the time for fear of offending the all-powerful favourite; but on the Continent the infamous Cabal which led to Bacon's fall from power was denounced in no measured terms. The treatment meted out to the great philosopher was described as a monstrous ingratitude and unparalleled cruelty, and the highest praise was given to his character in such words as—"He was as truly a good man as he was an upright judge, and by his life corrected vice and bad living as much as by pains and penalties."

At the time when Macaulay made his furious onslaught against Basil Montagu, who as a leading lawyer, had written an appreciative "Life of Bacon," the fear of the biting pen of the brilliant essayist may have restrained critics from openly expressing their views on his fallacies. But his influence is now steadily declining and only appears in the speeches and articles of the ignorant and superficial; although at one time it was sufficient to lead so famous a scholar and poet as Edward Fitzgerald to express regret that his friend Spedding had wasted his life in "washing his blackamoor!" But later on Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer" caused him to alter this opinion; as will be the case with all doubters who look into the works of Basil Montagu, Hepworth Dixon, Professor Adamson,

and Sir Frederick Pollock. It is an error to suppose that last century's libels against Bacon were current among his contemporaries; they knew him to be a man of fearless and independent judgment, an unfailing friend and an upright judge; and nothing would have surprised them more than the distorted views of Macaulay.

It is strange in these days of Empire that one of the most important and far reaching of Bacon's public services as an Empire Builder should have been overlooked or ignored by most of his biographers. He regarded the material gains to be expected from the New World as typical of the discoveries to be made by his experimental philosophy. Naturally therefore he took a deep interest in the American colonies. It was he who as Solicitor General framed in 1609 a new charter for Virginia which saved that plantation from impending ruin. Bancroft in his "History of the United States," says that "of all men in the Government of that day Bacon had given the most attention to Colonial enterprise." He also remarks that William Strachey dedicated "The History of Travaile into Virginia Britannia" to Bacon as the encourager, pattern and perfection of all virtuous endeavours," addressing him as "a most noble fautor of the Virginian Plantations." Bacon's hand may be recognised in the "Broad-sides" issued as propaganda by the Virginian Council, in which "they prayed to God so to nourish this grain of seed that it may spread till all the people of the earth admire the greatness and seek the shade and fruit thereof." In Bacon's last speech as Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords he saw a vision of the future and predicted the growth of America in the words, "This Kingdom, now first in His Majesty's times, hath gotten a lot or portion in the New World by the plantation of Virginia and the Summer Islands. And certainly it is with the Kingdoms of Earth as it is in the Kingdom of Heaven, sometimes a grain of mustard seed proves a great tree." Not only to Virginia, but also to the Dominion which still retains its ancient name of Newfoundland, was Bacon's colonizing zeal directed. Judge Prowse, in his "History of Newfoundland," remarks

that "it was entirely due to the great Chancellor's influence that the King granted the advances and issued the Charter to Bacon and his associates in Guy's Newfoundland Colonization Company." In recognition of Bacon's inestimable services there is among the postage stamps, issued in Newfoundland in 1910 to commemorate its tercentenary, one bearing the image of Francis Bacon with the superscription "1610—1910 Lord Bacon the guiding spirit in Colonization Scheme." As may be gathered from the "Manes," the heroes of Earth were said by the classic writers of antiquity to be translated, after their death, into constellations, so that they might still shine in the Heavens as glorious memories of the past. But Bacon's vision was of the future. The light which he brought into the world irradiates the path of human progress and invention. He it was who found a way out of the closed circle of scholasticism and boldly adventured into the open sea of discovery. Indeed he always likened the course of his experimental philosophy to that of Columbus in sailing through the *ne plus ultra* pillars of Hercules into the wonders of the New World. The frontispiece of "The Advancement of Learning" shows a ship in full sail passing triumphantly through those previously forbidding barriers. It was no "ship of fools" as Coke derisively called it. It may rather be said to have carried the pioneers of modern thought. Bacon's Philosophy of Usefulness and the wisdom of his practical counsels are still reliable guides to right conduct in the affairs of the nation, and above all they direct us in pursuing the path of Empire. His Essays, his letter to the King, "Of the true greatness of Britain" and his "Advice to Sir George Villiers" contain words of wisdom and warning which we follow to our advantage and disregard at our peril. They were penned by a hand that has been still for 300 years, but they are as applicable to-day as if they had just come damp from the press. He describes our merchants as the great veins of the Community and adds that "taxes and imports on them do seldom good to the King's revenue . . . the particular rates being increased but the bulk of trading rather decreased"; a

remark that might well be applied to the crushing Budgets of to-day. He emphasised over and over again the importance to Great Britain of strength at sea, remarking that "the wealth of both Indies seemed in great part but an accessory to command of the Sea." He calls the Navy Royal and Shipping "the outworks and walls of the Kingdom." Indeed, he thus provides many texts which might well be used for speeches at the Annual Meetings of the Navy League; just as his denunciation of the importation of articles which could be produced at home furnishes forcible arguments for the campaign of "Buy British Goods." At a critical stage Francis Bacon saved the Colonies from perdition. Perchance his counsels, if timely adopted to-day, may yet prove to be the salvation of the Empire. At the Judgment Bar of the future it will not be Francis Bacon but his traducers who will be called to account, and the memory of those who maligned him will be held in undying detestation.

MANES
VERULAMIANI
SIVE
IN OBITUM
INCOMPARABILIS
FRANCISCI
DE VERULAMIO &c.
EPICEDIA*

INCLYTA Academia Cantabrigiensis, cujus felicitas fuit, *viro* ad salutem scientiarum *nato*, primas sapientiae mammas prebere; ac *Philosophum*, post occasum Graeciae, *maximum*, orbi dare: super funus Alumni sui Lacrymas effudit, doctas ac duraturas maestitias. Ex hoc integro Musarum fonte, modica haec sed facunda fluentia collegit *interpres*; ut quod, viventi, seculum dederat decus, gliscente adhuc invidiâ; & morienti dedisse constaret, cessante nunc adulatione, Reliqua sui nominis aeternitati consecranda, continuatâ seculorum serie ad ultimas usque mundi favillas, rependet posteritas: Quis supremam suis laudibus manum imponet, novit tantum *Fundator ille*, ac simul *eversor Seculorum*.

[*Translation.*]

THE SHADES OF VERULAM.

OR

FUNERAL CHANTS AT THE DEATH
OF THE INCOMPARABLE
FRANCIS OF VERULAM.

The famous University of Cambridge, whose felicity it was to be the first to offer the breasts of wisdom to the man

* This tribute is prefixed to the selection of the *Manes Verulamiani* which appears in *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640, and the late Father Sutton is not responsible for the translation which follows.—EDITORS.

born to be the Saviour of the Sciences, and to give to the world the greatest philosopher since the fall of Greece, pours forth her tears over the burial of her foster-child, songs of grief both learned and everlasting. From this fresh fount of the Muses the interpreter has collected these short but easy-flowing verses, in order that that honour which his age had given him, albeit with growing envy, during his life, and that which, now that flattery has ceased, it was meet should be given him when dead,—that is the remains of his name as dedicated to eternity—might be requited by posterity through successive centuries even unto the uttermost ashes of the world. Who will be the last to put his hand to these praises, only he knows who is at once the founder and demolisher of the centuries.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE “*MANES VERULAMIANI*.”

I HAVE undertaken to supply a literal translation with notes of the poems known as *Manes Verulamiani*—The Verulamian Shades. This is the title prefixed to them in Blackbourne’s edition of Bacon’s Works (London, 1730). Dr. Cantor published a reprint of them at Halle, in 1897, taken from the *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. X., p. 287, “a collection of scarce, curious, and entertaining pamphlets,” among which these form “a tract of very rare occurrence, consisting of seventeen leaves.” This in its turn was a reprint of the original pamphlet printed in 1626—the year of Bacon’s death—by John Haviland. I have followed the Latin text therein given. There are several obscurities in the text. Scholars will differ as to their interpretation. The poems nevertheless are full proof that a large number of contemporaneous scholars, fellows of the Universities and members of the Inns of Court, knew Bacon to be a supreme poet. In the fourth poem he gets credit for uniting philosophy to the drama, for restoring philosophy through comedy and tragedy. Other equally amazing titles to literary fame are also lavished on him in many places throughout the series.

In this attempt of mine at translating and elucidating these extraordinary elegies I am deeply indebted to the articles contributed by Mrs. Pott chiefly, but also by Dr. Cantor and others to *BACONIANA* (1896-98). Indeed, but for these articles, I never would have taken up the subject. I am also under great obligations to Mr. W. Theobald for revising my version and even placing at my service his own. There is plenty of room for difference of opinion here and there, but, on the whole, there can be no doubt of the general drift and extreme value of these pieces connected with the Bacon-Shakespeare question.

I ought also to mention that through the kindness of Mr. G. Stronach I have been able to profit by the translation of these poems by Mr. E. K. Rand, of Harvard University, printed by him for private circulation, Boston, 1904. As this translation is not generally available, it has been thought advisable to proceed with the present version, which was begun under the impression that no complete and literal translation had been yet published.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S.J.

MEMORIÆ
HONORATISSIMI DOMINI
FRANCISCI
BARONIS DE VERULAMIO
VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI
SACRUM.

LONDONI:

IN OFFICINA JOANNIS HAVILAND.

MDCXXVI.

LECTORI S.

Quod præcipuum sibi duxit honoratissimus Dominus meus Vice-Comes Sancti Albani, academiis et viris literatioribus ut cordi esset, id (credo) obtinuit; quandoquidem insignia

hæc amoris et mæstitiæ monumenta indicant, quantum amissio ejus eorundum cordi doleat. Neque vero parca manu symbolum hoc conjecerunt in eum musæ: (plurimos enim, eosque optimos versus apud me contineo); sed quia ipse mole non delectabatur, molem haud magnam extrusi. Satis etiam sit, ista veluti fundamenta præsentis sæculi nomine jecisse; fabricam (puto) hanc exornabit et amplificabit unumquodque sæculum; cuinam autem sæculo ultimam manum imponere datum sit, id Deo tantum et fatis manifestum.

G. RAWLEY, S.T.D.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD
FRANCIS BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT
ST. ALBANS.

LONDON:
AT THE PRESS OF JOHN HAVILAND.
1626.

TO THE READER GREETING.

What my Lord the Right Honourable Viscount St. Albans valued most, that he should be dear to seats of learning and to men of letters, that (I believe) he has secured; since these tokens of love and memorials of sorrow prove how much his loss grieves their heart. And indeed with no stinted hand have the Muses bestowed on him this emblem (for very many poems, and the best too, I withhold from publication); but since he himself delighted not in quantity, no great quantity have I put forth. Moreover let it suffice to have laid, as it were, these foundations in the name of the present age; this fabric (I think) every age will embellish and enlarge; but to what age it is given to put the last touch, that is known to God only and the fates.

W. RAWLEY, S.T.D.

I.

DEPLORATIO OBITUS OMNIA DOCTISSIMI ET
CLARISSIMI VIRI D.

FRANCISCI BACON S. ALBANENSIS.

Albani plorate lares, tuque optime martyr,
Fata *Verulamii* non temeranda senis.
Optime martyr et in veteres i tu quoque luctus,
Cui nil post dirum tristius *amphibalum*(1).

[*Translation*].

I.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF THE ALL-LEARNED
AND RENOWNED MAN LORD FRANCIS BACON OF
ST. ALBANS.

Bewail ye guardian spirits of St. Albans, and thou most
holy martyr, the death not to be profaned of the ancient of
Verulam. Holy Martyr, do thou also betake thyself even
to the old wailings, thou to whom nothing is sadder since
the fateful (change of) raiment(1).

II.

BACONI OPERA LITERARIA VOCANTUR AD ROGUM

Instauratio magna: dicta acute (2);
Augmentum geminum scientiarum,
Et scriptum patrie et dein Latine
Auctu multiplici, profunda vitæ
Mortisque historia, ut lita anne lota
Rivo nectaris Atticive melli!
Henricus neque *Septimus* tacetor;
Et quidquid venerum politiorum, et
Si quid præterii inscius libellum
Quos magni peperit vigor Baconi.
Plus novum edecumata musa musis,
Omnes funebribus subite flammis,
Et lucem date liquidam parenti;
Non sunt sæcula digna quæ fruantur
Vobis, ah Domino (ah nefas) perempto.

S. COLLINS, R.C.P.

[Translation].

II.

THE LITERARY WORKS OF BACON ARE SUM-
MONED TO THE PYRE.

The Great Instauration; stimulating aphorisms (2); the twofold Advancement of the Sciences, written both in English and then in Latin with manifold increase; the profound History of Life and Death, how suffused with (or is it bathed in?) a stream of nectar or Attic honey! Neither let Henry the Seventh be passed over in silence; and whatever there is of more refined beauties, and any smaller works I may have omitted in my ignorance, which the power of great Bacon brought forth, a muse more rare than the nine muses, all enter ye the funeral fires, and give bright light to your Sire. The ages are not worthy to enjoy you, now alas! that your Lord, oh shocking! has perished.

S. COLLINS, R.C.P.

III.

IN OBITUM INCOMPARABILIS FRANCISCI VICE-
COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS VERULAMII.

Dum longi lentique gemis sub pondere morbi
Atque hæret dubio tabida vita pede;
Quid voluit prudens fatum jam sentio tandem:
Constat, Aprile uno te potuisse mori:
Ut flos hinc lacrymis, illinc Philomela querelis
Deducant linguæ funera sola tuæ.

GEORGIUS HERBERT.

[Translation].

III.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PEERLESS FRANCIS,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON VERULAM.

While you groan under the weight of a long and slow disease, and languishing life holds on with lingering step, what foreseeing fate had in view, I now at length perceive. It is evident that in April alone you could have died: in order that on the one hand the tearful flower and on the

other the nightingale might celebrate the only obsequies of your tongue.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IV.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI VIRI AC DOMINI, D.
FRANCISCI DE VERULAMIO, VICECOMITIS SANCTI
ALBANI, NUPERI ANGLIÆ CANCELLARII.

Adhuc superbis insolente purpura
Feretri rapinis inclytos in tot viros
Sterile tribunal? (3) cilicio dicas diem,
Saccumque totam facito luxuriam fori.
A Themide (4) libra nec geratur pensilis,
Sed urna, prægravis urna VERULAMII.
Expendat. Eheu! *Ephorus* haud lancem premit,
Sed *Areopagus* (5); nec minor tantus sophos,
Quam porticus brachata (6). Nam vester scholæ,
Gemiscit axis, tanta dum moles ruit.
Orbis soluta cardo litterarii,
Ubi studio coluit togam et trabeam pari.
Qualis per umbras ditis *Eurydice* vagans
Palpare gestiit *Orphæum* quali *Orphæus*,
Saliente tendem (vix prius crispa) Styge,
Alite fibras lyræ titillavit manu;
Talis plicata philologon ænigmatis
Petiit BACONUM vindicem, tali manu
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia:
Humique soccis reptitantem comicis
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine
Sarsit, sed instauravit. Hinc politius
Surgit cothurno celsiore, et *organo*
Stagirita Virbius reviviscit *novo* (7).
Calpen superbo *Abylamque* vincit remige
Phæbi Columbus, artibus novis novum
Daturus orbem; promovet conamina
Juvenilis ardor, usque ad invidiam trucem
Fati minacis. Quis senex vel *Hannibal*,
Oculi superstitis timens caliginem,
Signis suburram ventilat victricibus? (8)

Quis *Milo* multus quercubus bilem movet,
 Senecta tauro gibba cum gravior premit? (9)
 Dum noster heros traderet scientias
 Æternitati, prorsus expeditior
 Sui sepulchri comperitur artifex.
 Placida videtur ecstasis speculatio,
 Qua mens tueri volucris idæas boni
 In lacteos properat *Olympi* tramites.
 His immoratur sedibus domestica,
 Peregrina propriis. Redit. Joculariter
 Fugax; vagatur rursus, et rursus redit (10).
 Furtiva tandem serio, se substrahit
 Totam; gementi, morbido cadaveri
 Sic desuescit anima, sic jubet mori.
 Agite lugubres musæ, et a Libani jugis
 Cumulate thura. Sydus in pyram illius
 Scintillet omne; scelus sit accendi rogam
 Rogum *Prometheo* culinari foco.
 Et si qua forte ludat in cineres sacros
 Aura petulantior, fugamque suadeat,
 Tunc flete; lacrymis in amplexus ruent
 Globuli sequaces. Denuo fundamine
 Ergastuli everso radicitus tui
 Evehere fælix anima, *Jacobum* pete,
 Ostende, et illuc civicam fidem sequi.
 E tripode juris, dictites oracula
Themidos alumni. Sic (beati cælites)
Astræa pristino fruatur vindice,
 Vel cum Bacono rursus *Astræam* date.

R.P.

[Translation].

IV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LORD FRANCIS OF VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST.
 ALBANS, LATE CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Do you, yet arrayed in proud purple, exult over so many
 renowned men with the spoils of the bier, O barren tri-
 bunal?(3). Proclaim a day for hair-cloth, turn all the
 luxury of the Forum into sack-cloth, let not the pendent

balance be borne by Themis (4), but the urn, the ponderous urn of Verulam. Let her weigh. Alas! it is not an Ephorus presses down the scale, but the Areopagus (5); nor is so great a sage less than the foreign Porch(6). For your axis groans, ye schools, as the mighty mass crashes down. The pole of the literary globe is dislocated, where with equal earnestness he adorned the garb of a citizen and the robe of state. As Eurydice wandering through the shades of Dis longed to caress Orpheus, so did Philosophy entangled in the subtleties of Schoolmen seek Bacon as a deliverer, with such winged hand as Orpheus lightly touched the lyre's strings, the Styx before scarce ruffled now at last bounding, with like hand stroked Philosophy raised high her crest; nor did he with workmanship of fussy meddlers patch, but he renovated her walking lowly in the shoes of Comedy. After that more elaborately he rises on the loftier tragic buskin, and the Stagirite (like) Virbius comes to life again in the *Novum Organum*(7). The Columbus of Apollo with his lordly crew passes beyond the Pillars of Hercules in order to bestow a new world and new arts; youthful ardour advances his efforts even to the harsh envy of menacing fate. What ancient or what Hannibal fearing blindness of his remaining eye agitates (winnows) the Subura with his victorious standards (companies)?(8) What mighty Milo enrages the oaks, when gibbous old age weighs more heavily than the ox?(9). While our demi-god transmitted sciences to all ages to come, he is found to be the altogether too premature constructor of his own tomb. His philosophic thinking seems tranquil ecstasy, whereby his mind wings its way through the galaxy of the heavens to contemplate the ideas of the good. There it abides as in its home, a stranger in its own. It returns. Playfully coy again it roams, and again returns(10). At last in earnest secretly it wholly withdraws; thus the spirit gets disused to the groaning, sickly, dead body, thus bids it die. Come, mourning Muses, gather frankincense from the heights of Libanus. Let every star emit a spark into his pyre; be it sacrilege that the kingly pile should be kindled for Prometheus from a kitchen fire. And if perchance some mischievous breeze should frolic amid the sacred ashes and try to scatter them, then weep; the sequent teardrops will rush to mutual embraces. Once more, go forth, happy soul, the foundation of your prison being

utterly destroyed, seek James, prove that even thither a subject's loyalty follows. From the tripod of Law go on uttering oracles for the disciples of Themis. Thus, blessed inhabitants of heaven, let Astræa enjoy her champion of old, or with Bacon give back Astræa.

R.P.

V.

MEMORIÆ MERITISQUE HONORATISSIMI D.
FRANCISCI D. VERULAMII, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI
ALBANI.

Lugete fletu turbulenta flumina,
Sub calce nata *Pegasi*,
Rivoque nigrum vix trahente pulverem
Limo profana currite(11).
Viridisque *Daphnes* decidens ramis honos
Arescat infælicibus.
Quorsum *Camnæ* laureas inutiles
Mæsti colatis hortuli?
Quin vos severis stipitem bipennibus
Vanæ secatis arboris!
Vivos reliquit, cui solebat unico
Coronam ferre lauream,
Divum potitus arce *Verulamius*
Coronâ fulget aureâ:
Supraque cæli terminos sedens amat
Stellas videre cernuus:
Sophiam qui sede cælitum reconditam
Invidit immortalibus,
Aggressus orbi redditam cultu novo
Mortalibus reducere:
Quo nemo terras incolens majoribus
Donis pollebat ingeni:
Nec ullus æque graviter superstitum
Themis maritat *Palladi*.
Adductus istis, dum vigeat, artibus
Aonidum sacer chorus,
In laude totam fudit eloquentiam,
Nihil reliquit fletibus.

Posui WILHELMUS BOSWELL.

[Translation].

V.

TO THE MEMORY AND MERITS OF THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM
AND VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Wail with weeping turbulent streams sprung from beneath the hoof of Pegasus, and ye streams profane flow muddily with your current scarce dragging along the black dust. (11) And let the foliage of verdant Daphne falling from the hapless branches wither. Wherefore, ye Muses, would you cultivate the useless laurels of your sad garden? Nay, with stern axes cut down the trunk of the worthless tree. He hath left the living, whom alone it was wont to bear the laurel crown for. Verulam reigning in the citadel of the gods shines with a golden crown; and enthroned above the bounds of the sky he loves with face towards earth to view the stars; who grudged the immortals that wisdom should be confined to the abode of the blessed, undertaking to bring it back and restore it to mortals by a new cult. Than whom no inhabitant of earth was master of greater intellectual gifts: nor does any survivor so skilfully unite Themis and Pallas. While he flourished the sacred choir of the Muses influenced by these arts poured forth all their eloquence in his praise (and), left none for wailings.

I, WILLIAM BOSWELL,

have laid (this offering on the tomb).

VI.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI FRANCISCI
BACONI, MAGNI NUPER TOTIUS ANGLIÆ
CANCELLARII, &c.

Audax exemplum quo mens humana feratur

Et sæcli vindex ingeniose tui,

Dum senio macras recoquis fæliciter artes,

Substrahis et prisco libera colla iugo,

Quo deflenda modo veniunt tua funera? quales

Exposcunt lacrymas, quid sibi fata volunt?

An timuit natura parens ne nuda jaceret,

Detraxit vestem dum tua dextra sacram?

Ignotique oculis rerum patuere recessus,
 Fugit et aspectum rimula nulla tuum?
 An vero, antiquis olim data sponsa maritis,
 Conjugis amplexum respuit illa novi?
 An tandem, damnosa piis atque invida captis
 Corripuit vi æ fila (trahenda) tuæ?
 Sic ultra vitreum *Siculus* ne pergeret orbem
 Privati cecidit militis ense senex.
 Tuque tuos manes (12) ideo (Francisce) tulisti,
 Ne non tentandum perficeretur opus.

[Translation].

VI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS BACON, LATE LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

Daring example of how far the human mind may reach to, while you rejuvenate successfully the arts worn out with age, and extricate and free necks from the yoke of antiquity, in what way to be mourned does your funeral approach? What tears are demanded, what mean the fates? Did their mother Nature fear she should lie all bare, while your hand drew away her sacred robe? while, too, the unknown recesses of things were exposed to sight and no nook escaped your ken? or was it that, having been of old espoused to consorts of past ages, she has rejected the embrace of a modern lord? or, finally, baneful and envious towards humane enterprises has she snapped the thread of your life, which ought to have been prolonged? Thus, lest Archimedes should soar beyond the crystal sphere, he fell by the sword of a legionary. And you, O Francis, have therefore met your doom(12), lest the work, which should not have been essayed, should be completed.

VII.

IN EUNDEM.

Sunt qui defuncti vivant in marmore, et ævum
 Annosis credant postibus omne suum:
 Aere micant alii, aut fulvo spectantur in auro,
 Et dum se ludunt, ludere fata putant.

Altera pars hominum, numerosa prole superstes,
 Cum *Niobe* (13) magnos temnit iniqua deos;
 At tua cælati hæret nec fama columnis,
 Nec tumulo legitur, *siste viator iter*;
 Siqua patrem proles referat, non corporis illa est,
 Sed quasi de cerebro nata *Minerva Jovis*:
 Prima tibi virtus monumenta perennia præstat,
 Quæ (Francisce) tui nil nisi corpus habent.
 Utraque pars melior, mens et bona fama supersunt,
 Non tanti ut redimas vile cadaver habes.

T. VINCENT, T.C.

[*Translation*].

VII.

TO THE SAME.

Some there are though dead live in marble, and trust all their duration to long lasting columns; others shine in bronze, or are beheld in yellow gold, and deceiving themselves think they deceive the fates. Another division of men surviving in a numerous offspring, like *Niobe* (13) irreverent, despise the mighty gods; but your fame adheres not to sculptured columns, nor is read on the tomb (with) "Stay, traveller, your steps;" if any progeny recalls their sire, not of the body is it, but born, so to speak, of the brain, as *Minerva* from *Jove's*: first your virtue provides you with an ever-lasting monument, your books another not soon to collapse, a third your nobility; let the fates now celebrate their triumphs, who have nothing yours, Francis, but your corpse. Your mind and good report, the better parts survive; you have nothing of so little value as to ransom the vile body withal.

T. VINCENT, Trinity College.

VIII.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI DOMINI FRANCISCI
 BARONIS VERULAMII, &c.

Visa mihi pridem nec in uno vivere posse
 Tot bona sunt, unquam nec potuisse mori;
 Queis, quasi syderibus cælum, tua vita refulsit,
 Et quæ sunt fatum cuncta secuta tuum;

Ingenium, et largo procurrens flumine lingua,
 Philosophi pariter, juridicique decus.
 Nunc video potuisse quidem; sed parcite amici,
 Hic si non redeat, nec reditura puto.

I. VINCENT, T.C.

[*Translation*].

VIII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE LORD
 FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM, &c.

Formerly so many good parts seemed to me impossible either to co-exist in one, or ever to have died; with these, as the heavens with stars, your life was resplendent, and all have followed you to the grave. Genius and eloquence flowing with mighty stream, the ornament equally of the philosopher and the judge. Now I see such things could be; but friends refrain, if he returns not, neither will they I ween.

I. VINCENT, Trin. Col.

IX.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI CLARISSIMIQUE
 HEROIS, DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI, BARONIS
 DE VERULAMIO, *θρηνώδία*.

Musæ fundite nunc aquas perennes
 In threnos, lacrymasque *Apollo* fundat
 Quas vel *Castalium* tenet fluentum:
 Nam Letho neque convenire tanto
 Possint nœnia parva, nec coronent
 Immensa hæc modicæ sepulchra guttæ:
 Nervus ingenii, medulli suadæ
 Dicendique *Tagus* (14), reconditarum
 Et gemma pretiosa literarum (15)
 Fatis concidit, (heu trium sororum
 Dura stamina) nobilis BACONUS.
 O quam te memorem BACONE summe
 Nostro carmine! et illa gloriosa

Cunctorum monumenta seculorum,
 Excusa ingenio tuo, et *Minerva*!
 Quam doctis, elegantibus, profundis,
Instauratio magna, plena rebus!
 Quanto lumine tineas sophorum
 Dispellit veterum tenebricosas
 Ex chao procreans novam σοφίαν;
 Sic ipse Deus inditum sepulchro
 Corpus restituet manu potenti:
 Ergo non moreris (BACONE) nam te
 A morte, et tenebris, et a sepulchro,
Instauratio magna vindicabit.

R.C., T.C.

[Translation].

IX.

A THRENODY ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST
 ILLUSTRIOUS AND RENOWNED PERSONAGE, SIR
 FRANCIS BACON, BARON VERULAM.

Muses, now pour forth your perennial waters in lamentations, and let Apollo shed tears (plentiful as the water) which even the Castalian stream contains; for neither would meagre dirges befit so great a loss, nor our moderate drops the mighty monument. The very nerve of genius, the marrow of persuasion, the golden stream of eloquence (14) the precious gem of concealed literature (15), the noble Bacon (ah! the relentless warp of the three sisters) has fallen by the fates. O how am I in verse like mine to commemorate you, sublime Bacon! and those glorious memorials of all the ages composed by your genius and by Minerva. With what learned, beautiful, profound matters the Great Instauration is full! With what light does it scatter the darksome moths of the ancient sages! creating from chaos a new wisdom: thus God Himself will with potent hand restore the body laid in the tomb; therefore you do not die (O Bacon!) for the *Great Instauration* will liberate you from death and darkness and the grave.

X.

IN OBITUM

HONORATISSIMI BARONIS VERULAMIENSIS, &c.

En iterum auditur (certe *instauratio* magna est!)

Stellata camera fulgidus ore BACON :

Nunc vere albatus, iudex purissimus audit ;

Cui stola (*Christe*) tuo sanguine tincta datur.

Integer ut fiat, prius exuit ipse seipsum :

Terra, habeas corpus ; (dixit) et astra petit.

Sic, sic, *Astræam* sequitur prænobilis umbra,

Et *Verulam* verum nunc sine nube videt.

[*Translation*].

X.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
BARON VERULAM, &c.

Lo! again is heard (surely a great restoration) Bacon with shining countenance in the starry vault (Star Chamber): now truly robed in white, a spotless judge he listens; to whom, O Christ, a robe dyed in Thy blood is given. To become whole he first put off himself. Earth, said he, receive my body; then he sought the stars. Thus, thus, the glorious spirit follows *Astræa*, and now beholds all cloudless the true *Verulam*.

XI.

DE CONNUBIO ROSARUM.

Septimus *Henricus* non cere et marmore vivit ;

Vivit at in chartis (magne *Bacone*) tuis (16)

Junge duas (*Henrice*) rosas ; dat mille *Baconus* ;

Quot verba in libro, tot reor esse rosas.

T.P.

[*Translation*].

XI.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE ROSES.

The seventh Henry lives not in bronze and marble; but in your pages great Bacon he lives(16). Unite the two

roses Henry ; Bacon gives a thousand ; as many words in his book, so many roses I ween .

T.P.

XII.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI DOCTISSIMIQUE VIRI
DOM. FRAN. BACONIS, BARONIS VERULAMIENSIS,
&c.

Sic cadit *Aonii* rarissima gloria cætus ?
Et placet *Aoniis* credere semen agris ?
Frangantur calami, disrumpanturque libelli,
Hoc possuit tetricæ si modo jure deæ.
Heu quæ lingua silet, quæ jam facundia cessat,
Quo fugit ingenii nectar et esca tui ?
Quomodo musarum nobis contingit alumnis
Ut caderet nostri præses *Apollo* chori ? (17)
Si nil cura fides, labor, aut vigilantia possint,
Sique feret rapidas, de tribus una, manus ?
Cur nos multa brevi nobis proponimus ævo ?
Cur putri excutimus scripta sepulta situ ?
Scilicet ut dignos aliorum a morte labores
Dum rapimus, nos Mors in sua jura trahat.
Quid tamen incassum nil proficientia fundo
Verba ? quis optabit te reticente, loqui ?
Nemo tuam spargat violis fragantibus urnam,
Nec tibi pyramidum mole sepulchra locet ;
Nam tua conservant operosa volumina famam,
Hoc satis, hæc prohibent te monumenta mori.

WILLIAMS.

[*Translation*].

XII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND
LEARNED LORD FRANCIS BACON,
BARON VERULAM, &c.

Is it thus falls the rarest glory of the Aonian band ? and do we decree to entrust seed to the Aonian fields ? Break pens, and tear up writings, if the dire goddesses may justly act so. Alas ! what a tongue is mute ! what eloquence

ceases! Whither have departed the nectar and ambrosia of your genius? How has it happened to us, the disciples of the Muses, that Apollo, the leader of our choir, should die? (17). If earnestness, loyalty, toil or watchfulness avail nought, and if one of the three (fates) shall put forth her ravening hands, why do we propose many undertakings to ourselves in our brief span? Why do we ransack MSS. covered with mouldering dust? Forsooth! for death to drag us to his realm, while we force from death the worthy labours of others. Yet, why do I vainly pour forth profitless words? Who will wish to speak, you being silent? Let no one scatter fragrant violets on your urn, nor rear your sepulchre with the vastness of pyramids; for your laboured tomes preserve your fame. This suffices; these memorials will not let you die.

WILLIAMS.

XIII.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI, D. FRANCISCI VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS VERULAMII, VIRI INCOMPARABILIS.

Parcite: Noster amat facunda silentia luctus,
 Postquam obiit solus dicere qui potuit:
 Dicere, quæ stupeat procerum generosa corona,
 Nexaque sollicitis solvere jura reis.
 Vastum opus. At nostras etiam *Verulamius* artes
 Instaurat veteres, condit et ille novas.
 Non qua majores: penitos verum ille recessus
 Naturæ, audaci provocat ingenio.
 Ast ea, siste gradum serisque nepotibus (*inquit*)
Linque quod inventum sæcla minora juvet.
Sit satis, his sese quod nobilitata inventis,
Jactent ingenio tempora nostra tuo.
Est aliquid, quo mox ventura superbiat ætas;
Est, soli notum quod decet esse mihi:
Sit tua laus, pulchros corpus duxisse per artus,
Integra cui nemo reddere membra queat:
Sic opus artificem infectum commendat Apellem,
Cum pingit reliquam nulla manus Venerem.

Dixit, et indulgens cæco natura furori,
 Præsecuit vitæ filum operisque simul.
 At tu, qui pendentem audes detexere telam,
 Solus quem condant hæc monmenta scies.

H.T., Coll. Trin. Socius.

[*Translation*].

XIII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 LORD, FRANCIS VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON
 VERULAM, A PEERLESS MAN.

Forbear: our woe loves eloquent silence, since he has died who alone could speak, could speak what the chivalrous ring of princes were lost in admiration at, and (who alone could) resolve the intricacies of the law in the case of anxious defendants. A mighty work. But Verulam restores too our ancient arts and founds new ones. Not the same way as our predecessors; but he with fearless genius challenges the deepest recesses of nature. But she says, "Stay your advance and leave to posterity what will delight the coming ages to discover. Let it suffice for our times, that being ennobled by your discoveries they should glory in your genius. Something there is, which the next age will glory in; something there is, which it is fit, should be known to me alone: let it be your commendation to have outlined the frame with fair limbs, for which no one can wholly perfect the members: thus his unfinished work commends the artist Apelles, since no hand can finish the rest of his Venus. Nature having thus spoken and yielding to her blind frenzy cut short together the thread of his life and work. But you, who dare to finish the weaving of this hanging web, will alone know whom these memorials hide."

H.T., Fellow of Trinity College.

XIV.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI VIRI, FRANCISCI DOMINI
 VERULAM, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

Te tandem extincto secum mors læta triumphat
 Atque ait; hoc majus sternere nil potui;

Hectora magnanimum solus laceravit Achilles,

Obrutus ac uno vulnere *Cæsar* obit :

Mille tibi morbos dederat mors, spicula mille,

Credibile est aliter te potuisse mori ?

THO. RHODES, Col. Regal.

[*Translation*].

XIV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS
LORD VERULAM VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

You at length being dead exultant death in triumph exclaims:—"Nothing greater than this could I have laid low;" Achilles alone destroyed magnanimous Hector, Cæsar perished overwhelmed by one blow; death against you a thousand diseases, a thousand shafts had sent: is it credible that otherwise you could have died?

THOMAS RHODES, King's College.

XV.

IN CLARISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACON, BARONIS
DE VERULAMIO, VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI,
MEMORIAM.

Naturæ vires pandens, artisque labores,

Arte potens quondam studio indagavit anhelò

Anglus, Rogerius Bacon, celeberrimus olim :

Optica qui chymicis, physicisque mathemata jungens,

Perspectiva, suæ præclara munere famæ.

Anglus et alter erat clarus *Bacon Joannes*,

Abdita Scripturæ reserans oracula Sacræ.

Stirps BACONIADUM quamvis generosa Brittannis

Pignora plura dedit, longe celebrata per orbem ;

Franciscum tandem tulit hunc : generosior alter

Ingenio quisquamne fuit ? majora capessens ?

Ditior eloquio ? compluraque mente revolvens ?

Scripta docent ; veterum queis hic monumenta sophorum

Censura castigat acri ; exiguoque libello

Stupendos ausus docet *Instauratio Magna* ;

Ventorum Historiæ ; Vitæque et Mortis imago.

Quis mage magnanimus naturam artesque retexens?
 Singula quid memorem, quæ multa et clara supersunt?
 Pars sepulta jacet; parti quoque visere lucem
 RAWLEYUS præstat Francisco fidus *Achates*.

ROBERTUS ASHLEYUS, Medio-Templarius.

[*Translation*].

XV.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FRANCIS
 BACON, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Roger Bacon of Yore, a most distinguished Englishman, potent in art, with burning zeal in days gone by searched out and made known the forces of Nature and the works of art: joining optics to chemistry, mathematics and perspective to physics, the glorious enterprises of his genius, he lives immortal through the gift of distinguished fame. Another Englishman, John Bacon, became famous by explaining the obscure oracles of Holy Scripture. Though the Baconian stock had given many noble pledges, widely celebrated throughout the world, to England, at length it produced this Francis: was ever other of nobler genius? of greater enterprise? of richer eloquence? of ampler mental range? His writings answer; wherein with sharp censure he corrects the works of ancient sages; and in modest volume the Great Instauration, the History of the Winds, the Image of Life and Death reveal his stupendous aims. Who of loftier soul exists unravelling nature and art? Why should I mention each separate work, a number of which of high repute remain? A portion lies buried; for some also, Rawley, his *fidus Achates*, ensures for Francis, that they should see the light.

ROBERT ASHLEY, of the Middle Temple.

XVI.

IN DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI JAM MORTUI
 HISTORIAM VITÆ ET MORTIS.

Historiæ scriptor *Vitæ Mortisque* BACONE,

Sera mori, ac semper vivere digne magis;

Cur adeo æternas præfers extincte tenebras,

Nosque haud victuros post te ita tecum aboles?

Nostrum omnium *Historiam Vitæ Mortisque*, BACONE,
 Scripsi; quæso tuam quis satis historiam
 Vel vitæ, vel mortis, iō? quin cedite *Graii*,
 Cede *Maro Latîâ* primus in historiâ(18).
 Optimus et fandi, et scribendi, et nomine quo non
 Inclutus, eximius consilio atque scholâ;
Marte idem, si *Mars* artem pateretur (19), et omni
 Excellens titulo semihomoque (20) ac studio;
 Temptor opum, atque aurum tenui dum posthabet auræ,
 Terrea regna polo mutat, et astra solo.

[*Translation*].

XVI.

ON THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH, BY LORD
 FRANCIS BACON, LATELY DECEASED.

Writer of the *History of Life and Death*, O! Bacon!
 deserving to die late, nay rather to live for ever, why,
 departed one, do you prefer the everlasting shades, and so
 destroy with yourself us, who will not survive you? You
 have written, O! Bacon! the history of the life and death of
 us all; who, I ask, is capable of (writing) the history
 either of your life or death? alas! Nay, give place, O
 Greeks! give place, Maro, first in Latin story (18).

Supreme both in eloquence and writing, under every
 head renowned, famous in council chamber and lecture
 hall; in war too, if war would submit to art (19), surpass-
 ing in every pursuit, under every title, a very Chiron
 (20); a despiser of wealth, and while he reckons gold less
 than light air, he exchanges earthly realms for the sky, the
 ground for the stars.

XVII.

IN EUNDEM VIRUM ELOQUENTISSIMUM.

Viderit utilitas, moniti meliora, sed adde
 Ex *Ithacâ*, fandi fictor, et omnes tenes (21).

E. F. REGAL.

[Translation].

XVII.

TO THE SAME MOST ELOQUENT PERSONAGE.

Let expediency consider the better parts of counsel, but add, a poet from Ithaca, and you hold all(21).

E.F., King's College.

XVIII.

IN OBITUM LITERATISSIMI JUXTA AC NOBILISSIMI
VIRI FRANCISCI DOMINI VERULAM VICECOMITIS
SANCTI ALBANI.

Occidit ante diem musarum phosphorus! ipsa

Occidit ah *Clarîi* (22) cura, dolorque Dei.

Deliciæ (naturæ) tuæ, mundique BACONUS;

Mortis (quod mirum est) ipsius ipse dolor.

Quid non crudelis voluit sibi parca licere?

Parcere mors vellet, noluit illa tamen.

Melpomene objurgans hoc nollet ferre; deditque

Insuper ad tetricas talia dicta deas:

Crudelis nunquam verè prius *Atropos*; orbem

Totum habeas, *Phœbum* tu modo redde meum.

Hei mihi! nec cælum, nec mors, nec musa, BACONE,

Obstabant fatiis, nec mea vota tuis(23).

[Translation].

XVIII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST LEARNED AND
NOBLE FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST.
ALBANS.

The day-star of the Muses has set before his hour! the special care and special grief, alas! of the *Clarion* (22) God has perished, Bacon, thy darling, O! Nature! and the world's; the special sorrow of death itself, which is a marvel. Why was not cruel fate willing to allow herself liberty? Death would be willing to spare, but fate refused. *Melpomene* rebuking would not endure this; and addressed the dire goddesses in these words:—*Atropos*,

never before truly cruel; take the whole world, only give me back my Phœbus. Ah! woe is me! neither heaven, nor death, nor the muse O Bacon! nor my prayers prevented your doom(23).

XIX.

IN OBITUM EJUSDEM.

Si repetes quantum mundo musisque, BACONE,
 Donasti, vel si creditor esse velis;
 Conturbabit (24) amor, mundus, musæque, *Jovisque*
 Arca, preces, cælum, carmina, thura, dolor;
 Quid possunt artes, quidve invidiosa (25) vetustas?
 Invidiam tandem desinat esse licet.
 Sustineas fælix, manesque, BACONE, necesse est,
 Ah natura nihil, quod tibi solvat, habet.

[*Translation*].

XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

If you will claim, O Bacon! as much as you have given to the world and to the muses, or if you mean to be a creditor, love, the world, the muses, Jove's treasury, prayers, heaven, poetry, incense, grief will stop payment(24); what can the arts do, or envied (25) antiquity? At length envy may cease. It is necessary O Bacon! that you should kindly submit and remain a creditor, ah! nature has not wherewithal to repay you.

XX.

IN OBITUM EJUSDEM, &c.

Si nisi qui dignus, nemo tua fata, BACONE,
 Fleret, erit nullus, credito nullus erit.
 Plangite jam verè *Clio*, *Clivisque* sorores,
 Ah decima occubuit musa, decusque chori.
 Ah nunquam verè infælix prius ipse *Apollo*!
 Unde illi qui sic illum amet alter erit?
 Ah numerum non est habiturus; jamque necesse est,
 Contentus musis ut sit *Apollo* novem.

[*Translation*].

XX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME, etc.

If none but the worthy should mourn your death, O Bacon! none, trust me, none will there be. Lament now sincerely, O Clio! and sisters of Clio, ah! the tenth muse and the glory of the choir has perished. Ah! never before has Apollo himself been truly unhappy! Whence will there be another to love him so? Ah! he is no longer going to have the full number; and unavoidable is it now for Apollo to be content with nine Muses.

XXI.

AD UTRASQUE ACADEMIAS CARMEN.

Παραμυθητικόν

Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota sorores,
 (Ah venit ante suum nostra querela diem!)
 Non foret ambiguum nostri certamen amoris,
 (Et pia nonnunquam lis in amore latet:)
 Nos nostrum lacrymis, et te potiremur *Apollo*
 Delicium patriæ, docte BACONE, tuæ(26).
 Quid potuit natura magis, virtusque? dedisti
 Perpetui fructum nominis inde tui.
 Cum legerent nostri pars te prudentior ævi,
 Unum jurabant usque decere loqui.
 Hunc nimium tetricæ nobis, vobisque negarunt
 (Ah sibi quid nolunt sæpe licere) deæ,
 Dignus erat cælo, sed adhuc tellure morari
 Pro tali quæ sunt improba vota viro?
 O fælix fatum! cum non sit culpa, BACONE,
 Mortem, sed fælix gloria, flere tuam.
 Sistite jam meritos fletus, gemitusque, sorores;
 Non potis est mæstos totus inire rogos.
 Et noster, vesterque fuit: lis inde sequuta est,
 Atque uter major sit dubitatur amor.
 Communis dolor est, noster, vesterque; jacere
 Uno non potuit tanta ruina loco.

GULIEL. LOE, Coll. Trinit.

[*Translation*].

XXI.

CONSOLATORY POEM TO BOTH UNIVERSITIES.

If my prayers with yours O Sisters! had prevailed (ah! our plaintive song comes before its time), the contest of our love would not be ambiguous (sometimes too in love lurks affectionate strife), we should be in possession of our tears and of thee, Apollo (26), the darling, learned Bacon of your native land. What more could nature or worth produce? Thence have you put forth the fruit of your undying name. When the best critics of our age read your works, they kept vowing that it was fitting that you alone should express yourself. To grant him to us and to you (sisters) the excessively dire goddesses have refused (ah! why are they so seldom willing to make concession?). He deserved heaven but that he should yet a little while tarry on earth, what prayers are too importunate considering his worth? O happy fate! since it is not a fault but highly and auspiciously creditable to lament your death, O Bacon! Restrain at length your just tears and wailings, sisters; we cannot all enter the sad funeral pyre. He was ours and yours: thence a contest ensued, and which of our loves be the greater is uncertain. Our grief and yours is mutual; so vast a catastrophe could not be confined to one place.

WILLIAM LOE, Trinity College.

XXII.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI VERULAMII,
VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

Dum scripturavit multum *Verulamius* heros,
Imbuit et crebris sæcla voluminibus:
Viderat exultos (27) mors dudum exosa libellos,
Scripta nec infælix tam numerosa tulit.
Odit enim ingemi monumenta perennia, quæque
Funereos spernunt æmula Scripta rogos.
Ergo dum calamus libravit dextera, dumque
Lassavit teneras penna diserta manus;
Nec tum finitam signarat pagina chartam
Ultima, cum nigrum *Theta* (28) coronis (29) erat:
Attamen et vivent seros aditura nepotes,
Morte vel invitâ, scripta, BACONE, tua.

JACOBUS DUPORT, T.C.

[Translation].

XXII.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
VERULAM, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

While the Verulam sage was filled with the desire of writing and enriched the ages with crowds of books: death detesting polished (27) books had long had his eye on them, nor did the wretch endure such numerous writings. For he hates the everlasting monuments of genius, and ambitious compositions, which despise funeral pyres. Therefore while the (writer's) hand wielded the pen, and while the eloquent pen wearied the frail hands, nor yet had the page wound up the completed manuscript, when the black Theta(28) became the crowning period of the work(29): nevertheless in spite of death your writings, O Bacon! will live and descend to our remote posterity.

JAMES DUPORT, Trin. Col.

XXIII.

AD VIATOREM, HONORATISSIMI DOMINI, FRAN-
CISCI DOMINI VERULAM, MONUMENTUM
INSPICIENTEM.Marmore Pieridum gelido *Phæbique* choragum

Inclusumne putes, stulte viator? abi:

Fallere: jam rutilo *Verulamia* fulget Olympo;

Sydere splendet aper (30), magne JACOBÆ, tuo.

[Translation].

XXIII.

TO THE PASSER-BY LOOKING ON THE TOMB OF
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD FRANCIS, LORD
VERULAM.

Think you, foolish traveller, that the leader of the choir of the Muses and of Phœbus is interred in the cold marble? Away, you are deceived. The Verulamian star now glitters in ruddy Olympus: The boar(30), great James shines resplendent in your constellation.

XXIV.

IN OBITUM ILLUSTRISSIMI ET SPECTATISSIMI
TUM A LITERIS TUM A PRUDENTIA ET NATIVA
NOBILITATE VIRI, DOMINI FRANCISCI BACON,
VICE-COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, etc.

Non ego, non *Naso* (31) si viceret ipse litaret,
Exequiis versu, magne BACONE, tuis.
Deducti veniunt versus a mente serena,
Nubila sunt fato pectora nostra tuo.
Replesti (32) mundum scriptis, et sæcula fama,
Ingredere in requiem, quando ita dulce, tuam.
Et tibi doctrinæ exaltatio scripta, BACONE,
Exaltat toto jam caput orbe tuum.
Curta cano, quin nulla magis; sin carmina vitæ
Te reparare tuæ, quanta, BACONE, darem?

C. D. REGAL.

[*Translation*].

XXIV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, MOST
DISTINGUISHED BOTH IN LETTERS AND WISDOM,
AS ALSO FOR INNATE NOBILITY.

Nor I, nor *Naso*(31) himself, were he alive, could duly celebrate your obsequies with verse, great Bacon. Poetry comes as the product of a tranquil mind, our hearts are troubled by your death. You have filled the world with your writings (32), and the ages with your fame. Enter into your rest, since to do so is so sweet. The *Advancement of Learning* written by you, O Bacon! exalts your head now throughout the entire globe. I utter verses incomplete, or rather none, but could verses restore you, O Bacon! to life, what verses would I then contribute!

C.D., King's College.

XXV.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI DOMINI, DOMINI
FRANCISCI BARONIS DE VERULAMIO, VICE-
COMITIS S. ALBANI.

Qui fuit legis moderator, illa
Lege solutus, reus ipse mortis
Sistitur, nostram politeia turbat
Sic *Radamanthi* (33).

Qui Novo summum sophiæ magistrum (34)
Organo tandem docuisset uti,
Mortis antiqua methodo coactus
Membra resolvit.

Quippe præmissis valide novicis
Parca conclusum voluit supremum
Huic diem, sensus ratione fati
Insit iniquis.

Multa qui haud uno revelanda sæclo
Κυπρια naturæ patefecit, ipse
Justa naturæ facili novercæ
Debita solvit

Artium tandem meliore vena
Occidit plenus, moriensque monstrat
Quam siet longa ars, brevis atque vita,
Fama perennis;

Qui fuit nostro rutilans in orbe
Lucifer, magnos et honoris egi:
Circulos, transit, proprioque fulget
Fixus in orbe.

[*Translation*].

XXV.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD FRANCIS, BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT
ST. ALBANS.

He who was the arbiter of law, freed from that law, is himself arraigned before the tribunal of death; thus does the polity of Rhadamanthus (33) clash with ours. He who would at last have taught the greatest master (34) of wisdom to use a *New Organ*, himself compelled by death's

ancient method makes useless his own members. In fact Destiny wished from premisses quite modern, a conclusion to be arrived at as to this man's death, whether or not there were sense or reason in the unpropitious fates. He who disclosed secrets of nature, which in one age should not be revealed, nevertheless had to pay the debts due to nature, a compliant stepmother. Finally he dies full of an unusually rich vein of arts, and dying demonstrates how extensive is art, how contracted is life, how everlasting fame; he who was in our sphere the brilliant Light-bearer, and trod great paths of glory, passes, and fixed in his own orb shines refulgent.

XXVI.

CARMEN SEPULCHRALE.

Sub tumulo est corpus (non debita prædâ sepulchri),
 Virtutum externus nomina marmor habet;
 Sic pia saxa loqui docuit vestigia figens
 Marmore in hoc virtus, ipsa datura fugam:
 Nostra dabunt tumulumque æternum corda, loquantur
 Ut famam illius saxa hominesque simul.

HENR. FERNE, Trin. Coll. So.

[*Translation*].

XXVI.

A FUNERAL CHANT.

Beneath the tomb lies the body (spoil not due to the grave), the outer marble recounts his virtues; thus virtue, about to flee away herself, imprinting these traces, has taught the pious slab to speak: our hearts will furnish an everlasting tomb, so that stones and men together may speak of his fame.

HENRY FERNE, Fellow of Trinity College.

XXVII.

AD STATUAM LITERATISSIMI VEREQUE NOBILISSIMI VIRI DOMINI FRANCISCI BACON.

Octoginta negat qui te numerasse *Decembres*,
 Frontem, non libros inspicit ille tuos;
 Nam virtus si cana senem, si serta *Minervæ*,
 Reddant, vel natu *Nestore* major eras (35).

Quod si forma neget, *veterum sapientia* monstret;
 Longævæ ætatis tessera certa tuæ.
 Vivere namque diu cornicum condere lustra
 Non est, sed vitâ posse priore frui,

G. NASH, Aul. Pem.

[*Translation*].

XXVII.

TO THE STATUE OF THE MOST LETTERED AND NOBLE LORD, LORD FRANCIS BACON.

He who says you have not numbered eighty Decembers, examines your brow, not your books. For if venerable virtue, if Wisdom's wreaths make an ancient, you were older than Nestor(35). But if your appearance denies, your "Wisdom of the Ancients" proves it: the certain token of your advanced age. For to live is not to outlast the lustrums of crows, but to be able to enjoy past life.

G. NASH, Pembroke Hall.

XXVIII.

DE INUNDATIONE NUPERA AQUARUM.

Solverat (36) *Eridanus* tumidarum flumina aquarum:

Solverat; et populis non levis horror erat:

Quippe gravis *Pyrrhæ* (37) metuentes tempora cladis

Credebant simili crescere flumen aquâ.

Ille dolor fuerat sævus, lachrymæque futuri

Funeris, et justis (38) dona paranda novis.

Scilicet et fluvios tua, vir celeberrime, tangunt

Funera, nedum homines, mæstaque corda virum.

JAMES.

[*Translation*].

XXVIII.

ON THE LATE FLOODS.

Eridanus(36) had let loose the floods of his swollen waters: he had loosed them; and great fear fell on men: since fearing the time of the great cataclysm of Pyrrha(37), they believed that the flood would increase with like inundation. That (event) had been wild grief and tears

for the coming death, and offerings fit to be furnished for the recent obsequies(38). It is clear that your death, most illustrious man, affects even rivers, much more human beings and the sad hearts of men.

JAMES.

XXIX.

IN OBITUM HONORATISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI
BACON, VICECOMITIS SANCTI ALBANI, BARONIS
DE VERULAM, etc.

Ergo te quoque flemus? et æternare Camænas
Qui poteras, poteras ipse, BACONE, mori?
Ergo nec ætherea fruerere diutius aurâ?
(Indigni scriptis *Ventus* et *Aura* tuis:)
Scilicet indomiti tandem vesania fati
Placari voluit nobiliore rogo:
Sævaque vulgares jam dedignata triumphos
Ostendit nimio plus licuisse sibi:
Unaque lux tanti nunc luctus conscia, peste (39)
Insolita quanti nec prior annus erat.

R.L.

[*Translation*].

XXIX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS, BARON
VERULAM, ETC.

Do we then bewail you too? And you, who were able to immortalize the Muses, could you die yourself, O Bacon? Will you then no longer enjoy the upper air? (The wind and the air deserve not that you should write their history.) It is evident the frenzy of uncontrollable fate longed to be appeased with an uncommon funeral pile: and now fiercely scorning vulgar triumphs she ostentatiously shows that much too much has been put into her power: and one day is now conscious of grief as great as not all the previous year was, notwithstanding an unusually severe visitation of the plague(39).

XXX.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMI VIRI FRANCISCI BACONIS
OLIM MAGNI SIGILLI ANGLIÆ CUSTODIS.

Quid? an apud Deos coorta lis fuit?
An æmulum senex *Saturnus* filium
Jovem vocavit in jus, rursus expetens
Regnum? sed illic advocatum non habens
Relinquit astra, pergens in terras iter,
Ubi cito invenit parem sibi virum,
BACONEM scilicet, quem falce demetens
Jus exequi coegit inter angelos,
Et ipsum se *Jovemque* filium suum.
Quid? an prudentiâ BACONUS indigent
Dei? vel liquerit Deos *Astræa*?
Ita est: abivit: ipsaque astra deserens,
Ministrabatur huic BACONI sedule.
Saturnus ipse non fælicioribus
Degebat ævum sæculis, quibus nomen
Vel aureum fuit, (sunt hæc poëtica)
Quam judicante nos BACONE degimus:
Beatis ergo nobis numina invidentia,
Volebant gaudium hoc commune demere:
Abiit, abiit: sat hoc doloribus meis
Est protulisse: non dixi est mortuus:
Quid est opus jam vestimentis atris? en en
Arundo nostrâ tincturâ fluit nigrâ;
Camænarumque fons siccum se fecerit,
In lachrymas minutas se dispertiens;
Frequentibusque nimbis *Aprilis* madet
Dolores innuens: quippe insolentius
Furit fraterna ventorum discordia:
Uterque scilicet gemens non desinit
Ad intus altius suspirium trahens.
O omnibus Bone, ut videntur omnia
Amasse te vivum, et dolere mortuum!

HENR. OCKLEY, C.Tr.

[Translation].

XXX.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE FRANCIS
BACON, SOMETIME KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL
OF ENGLAND.

What? Has then litigation sprung up among the gods? Has aged Saturn, again aiming at supremacy, summoned into court his rival and son Jove? But having no pleader there he leaves the stars, directing his course to earth, where soon he finds one suitable for his purpose, namely Bacon, whom, mowing down with his scythe, he compels to administer justice among the angels and between himself and his son Jove. What? Do then the gods need the wisdom of Bacon? Or has Astræa left the gods? It is so: she has gone: and even she, abandoning the stars, sedulously ministered to our Bacon. Saturn himself spent not his time in happier ages, to which the name even of gold is given, (these are poets' fancies) than we experienced when Bacon judged us. Therefore the gods, envying our happy state, willed to remove this universal joy. He is gone, he is gone: it suffices for my woe to have uttered this: I have not said he is dead: What need is there now of black raiment? See! see! our pen flows with black pigment; and the fountain of the Muses shall have become dry, resolving itself into tiny tears: April, implying sorrows, drips: surely the fraternal discord of the winds rages more than usual: that is to say, each moaning ceases not to draw deep sighs from the heart. O benefactor of all, how all things seem to have loved you living and to mourn you dead!

HENRY OCKLEY, Trinity College.

XXXI.

IN LANGUOREM DIUTURNUM, SED MORTEM
INOPINATAM, NOBILISSIMI DOMINI SUI, VICE-
COMITIS SANCTI ALBANI.

Mors prius aggressa est, fuit inde repulsa: putabam

Incepti et sceleris pænituisset sui.

Callidus obsessas ut miles deserit urbes

Incautis posito quo ferat arma metu;

Mors pariter multum hunc vulnus defendere doctum,

Averso a musis lumine sæva ferit.

Quam cupiam lacrymis oculos absumere totos;

Nostra sed heu libris lumina servo suis.

Sic maculis chartam lugentem emittere cordi est;

Nil salis hic nisi quod lacryma salsa dedit.

GUIL. ATKINS,

Dominationis suæ Servus Domesticus.

[*Translation*].

XXXI.

ON THE LANGUISHING ILLNESS, BUT UN-
EXPECTED DEATH OF HIS MOST NOBLE LORD,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Death first attacked, then was repulsed: I thought he had repented of his design and crime. As a skilful general marches off from besieged cities, in order to attack the garrison when off their guard and freed from fear, just so Death relentless on a day hostile to the Muses smites this man much skilled in warding off a blow. How I would long to consume utterly my eyes with weeping! But, ah! I preserve my eyes for their own books. Thus I am glad to produce a poem stained with tears; in it there is no salt, save what the salt tear has given.

WILLIAM ATKINS,

His Lordship's Domestic Attendant.

XXXII.

IN OBITUM DOMINI FRANCISCI BACONI, BARONIS
DE VERULAMIO, ET TOTUS ANGLIÆ NUPERI
CANCELLARII (40).

Dum moriens tantam nostris Verulamius Heros

Tristitiam Musis, luminaque uda facit:

Credimus heu nullum fieri post fata beatum,

Credimus et *Samium* desipuisse senem.(41)

Scillicet hic miseris fælix nequit esse *Camænis*

Nec se quam Musas plus amat iste suas.

At luctantem animam *Clotho* imperiosa coegit.

Ad cælum invitos traxit in astra pedes.

Ergone *Phæbeias* jacuisse putabimus artes?
 Atque herbas *Clarii* nil valuisse Dei?
Phæbus idem potuit, nec virtus abfuit herbis,
 Hunc artem atque illas vim retinere putes:
 At *Phæbum* (ut metuit ne Rex foret iste *Camænis*)
 Rivali medicam crede negasse manum.
 Hinc dolor est; quod cum *Phæbo Verulamius* Heros
 Major erat reliquis, hac foret arte minor.
 Vos tamen, O tantum manes atque umbra, *Camænæ*
 Et pæne inferni pallida turba *Jovis*,
 Si spiratis adhuc, et non lusistis ocellos,
 Sed neque post illum vos superesse putem:
 Si vos ergo aliquis de morte reduxerit *Orpheus*,
 Istaque non aciem fallit imago meam:
 Discite nunc gemitus et lamentabile carmen,
 Ex oculis vestris lacrima multa fluat.
 En quam multa fluit? veras agnosco *Camænas*
 Et lacrimas, *Helicon* vix satis unus erit;
Deucalionæis et qui non mersus in undis
Parnassus (mirum est) hisce latebit aquis.
 Scilicet hic periit, per quem vos vivitis, et qui
 Multa *Pierias* nutriit arte Deas.
 Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
 Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
 Crescere *Pegaseas* docuit, velut hasta *Quirini* (42)
 Crevit, et exiguo tempore *Laurus* erat.
 Ergo *Heliconiadas* docuit cum crescere divas,
 Diminuent hujus sæcula nulla decus.
 Nec ferre ulterius generosi pectoris æstus
 Contemptum potuit, Diva *Minerva*, tuum.
 Restituit calamus solitum divinus honorem
 Dispulit et nubes alter *Apollo* tuas.
 Dispulit et tenebras sed quas obfusca vetustas
 Temporis et prisci lippa senecta tulit;
 Atque alias methodas (43) sacrum instauravit acumen,
Gnossiaque eripuit, sed sua fila dedit. (44)
 Scilicet antiquo sapientum vulgus in ævo
 Tam claros oculos non habuisse liquet;
 Hi velut *Eöo* surgens de littore *Phæbus*,

Hic velut in media fulget *Apollo* die:
Hi veluti *Tiphys* (45) tentarunt æquora primum,
At vix deseruit littora prima ratis,
Pleiadas hic *Hyadasque* atque omnia sidera noscens,
Syrtes, atque tuos, improba *Scylla*, canes;
Scit quod vitandum est, quo dirigat æquore navem,
Certius et cursum nautica monstrat acus:
Infantes illi Musas, hic gignit adultas;
Mortales illi, gignit et iste Deas.
Palnam ideo reliquis *Magna Instauratio* libris
Abstulit, et cedunt squalida turba sophi.
Et vestita novo *Pallas* nodo prodit amictu,
Anguis depositis ut nitet exuviis.
Sic *Phœnix* cineres spectat modo nata paternos,
Æsonis (46) et rediit prima juvenia senis.
Instaurata suos et sic *Verulamia* muros
Jactat, et antiquum sperat ab inde decus.
Sed quanta effulgent plus quam mortalis ocelli
Lumina, dum regni mystica sacra canat;
Dum sic naturæ leges arcanaque Regnum,
Tanquam a secretis esset utrisque, canat;
Dum canat *Henricum*, qui Rex idemque Sacerdos,
Connubio stabili junxit utramque rosam.
Atqui hæc sunt nostris longe majora Camænis,
Non hæc infælix *Granta*, sed *Aula* sciat
Sed cum *Granta* labris admoverit ubera tantis
Jus habet, in laudes, maxime alumne, tuas.
Jus habet, ut mæstos lacrimis extingueret ignes,
Posset ut e medio diripuisse rogo.
At nostræ tibi nulla ferant encomia Musæ,
Ipse canis, laudes et canis inde tuas.
Nos tamen et laudes, qua possumus arte canemus,
Si tamen ars desit, laus erit iste dolor.

THO. RANDOLPH, T.C.

[Translation].

XXXII.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD FRANCIS BACON, BARON
VERULAM, LATE CHANCELLOR OF ALL
ENGLAND (40).

While by dying the Verulamian demi-god is the cause of such sadness and weeping eyes in the Muses, we believe, alas! that no one after his death can become happy: we believe that even the Samian sage(40) was unwise. Assuredly the object of our sorrow cannot be in a state of felicity, since his Muses are grieving, and he loves not himself more than them. But the imperious Clotho compelled his reluctant spirit. To heaven among the stars she drew his unwilling feet. Are we to think then that the arts of Phœbus lay dormant and the herbs of the Clarian god were of no avail? Phœbus was as powerful as ever, nor was efficacy absent from his herbs; be sure that he retained his skill and they their force. But believe that Phœbus withheld his healing hand from his rival, because he feared his becoming King of the Muses. Hence our grief; that the Verulamian demi-god should be inferior to Phœbus in the healing art, though his superior in all else. O Muses! mere shadowy ghosts. little more than the pallid suite of Dis, yet if still you breathe and do not mock my poor eyes (but I would not think you would have survived him); if therefore some Orpheus should have brought you back from death and that vision deludes not my sight, apply yourselves now to lamentations and canticles of woe, let abundance of tears flow from your eyes.

See! how plentiful the flood! I acknowledge these for genuine Muses and their tears. One Helicon will scarce equal them; Parnassus, not covered by Deucalion's flood, will, wonderful to say, be hidden beneath these waters. For he has perished, through whom you live, and who has fostered the Pierian goddesses with many an art. When he perceived that the arts were held by no roots, and like seed scattered on the surface of the soil were withering away, he taught the Pegasean arts to grow, as grew the spear of Quirinus(42) swiftly into a laurel tree. Therefore since he has taught the Heliconian goddesses to flourish no lapse of ages shall dim his glory. The ardour of his noble heart could bear no longer that you, divine Minerva,

should be despised. His godlike pen restored your wonted honour and as another Apollo dispelled the clouds that hid you. But he dispelled also the darkness which murky antiquity and blear-eyed old age of former times had brought about; and his super-human sagacity instituted new methods(43) and tore away the Labarynthine windings, but gave us his own(44). Certainly it is clear that the crown of ancient sages had not such penetrating eyes. They were like Phœbus rising in the East, he like the same resplendent at noon. They like Tiphys(45) first explored the seas, but scarcely did their bark depart from the coast; he knowing the Pleiads and the Hyads and all the constellations and your dogs, insatiate Scylla, sees what is to be shunned, whither to steer his ship over the sea; and the mariner's compass with greater security points the way.

They begot the infant Muses, he adult. They were parents of mortal muses, he produced goddesses. Consequently the "Great Instauration" took the palm from all other books, and the sophists, uncouth mob, retire. Pallas too, now arrayed in a new robe, paces forth, as a snake shines, when it has put off its old skin. Thus the new-born Phœnix regards the ashes from which it springs, and the bloom of youth returns to aged Æson(46). So too, Verulam restored, boasts its new walls, and thence hopes for its ancient renown. But how much more brightly than poor mortal vision gleam his eyes, while he sings the sacred mysteries of the State, while he sounds forth the laws of nature and the secrets of kings, as though he were secretary in both spheres, while he celebrates Henry, who both king and priest joined in a stable union both the roses. But these themes far surpass our Muses' power, such let not unhappy Granta but the Court profess skill in. But since Granta gave her breasts to such lips, she has a claim on your glories, O greatest of her offspring! She has a right to extinguish with her tears the sad funeral fires, that she might pluck something from the midst of the funeral pile. But my song can bring you no praises, a singer yourself you chaunt your own praises thereby. Let me, however, with what skill I may, celebrate your renown, yet if art fail me, my very grief will redound to your fame.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, Trinity College.

NOTES ON THE MANES VERULAMIANI.

(1) St. Alban (A.D. 303) was martyred through having changed clothes with a priest—his friend—whose name was Amphibalus. Amphibalus also means a cloak, *vestis exterior*. There is therefore a play upon the word here. [c.f. Bacon's letter to the King thanking him for a further step in rank: "And when your Majesty could raise me no higher it was your grace to illustrate me with beams of honour; first making me Baron Verulam, and now Viscount St. Alban. So this is the eighth rise or reach, a diapason in music, even a good number and accord for a close. And so I may without superstition be buried in St. Alban's habit or Vestment."—EDITORS.]

(2) The *Novum Organum* appeared in 1620 under the title *Instauratio Magna*. It is written in aphorisms. *Dicta acute* therefore describes briefly the first work on the list; others which follow are similarly treated.

(3) The House of Lords.

(4) Goddess of law, custom and equity, represented carrying scales.

(5) That is, not a single judge, but the whole Supreme Court. The Areopagus of Athens was sometimes called *Ἡ ἀνω βουλή*, "The Upper House." Cicero writes to Atticus: "Senatus *Ἀρειος ἡγήτος*, the Senate is in Areopagus" (ad. Att., I. 14).

(6) Literally, *trouserèd Porch*. All the nations around the Greeks and Romans were represented *braccatæ*. Seneca was a Spaniard. Stoic philosopher, statesman, writer of tragedies and brilliant man of letters, he was condemned to death by Nero, who put to death other Stoics too. In fact, under the Claudian and Flavian emperors and Senate, the Stoics had a bad time. Hence it seems that the allusion in the text is to these, and especially to Seneca.

(7) Aristotle, like Bacon, had "taken all knowledge for his province." He called his logic the *organon*—that is, the instrument of reason for demonstration. Hippolytus restored to life by Æsculapius was worshipped in Italy under the name of Virbius. In this passage the grammatical concordance is not clear—e.g., whether *repitantiem* refers to philosophy or to Bacon, and consequently what the subject of the verbs following is. However, apart even from other considerations which would enable us to settle the matter, the parallelism of the complex simile requires the interpretation given. In any case the ultimate meaning is the same, viz., that philosophy was renovated by Bacon in the guise of the drama. All the Shakespeare plays are saturated with Bacon's science, learning and wisdom.

(8) I will make some suggestions to interpret this enigma. In the first place, it is enough for a comparison that some striking feature should be some way common to both members, *Omnis comparatio claudicat*—every comparison halts. Every schoolboy knows that Hannibal lost an eye soon after invading Italy. When he marched his army—always victorious in the field—to the very walls of Rome, great panic there was the result, especially in the Subura, the most crowded quarter. Near the Subura ran the *Argiletum*, a street mostly occupied by the booksellers. *Ventilare* means to fan, to agitate, to winnow, in a special manner the last. Bacon's eye referred to here means (I suggest) "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and, by a common figure of speech, the products of that eye; so that "his surviving (superstitis) eye" would mean such of his plays as survived; for he had been writing plays since his youth, and had allowed multitudes of them to perish. We are told not one in fifty of the Elizabethan plays have probably come down to us. Even his surviving plays were winnowed—that is, the thirty-six plays of the folio were selected by him to represent his wisdom and philosophy, and when the news got abroad that Shakespeare's plays were to be published, and when Ben Jonson and others ("good pens which desert (forsake) me not") busied themselves in collecting copies and in entering them where necessary at Stationers' Hall, thereby securing and notifying copyright or its equivalent (see Webb's "Mystery of William Shakespeare," p. 261), the Subura of London, inhabited by actors, playwrights, booksellers (pirates several of them), &c., was much agitated.

(9) The elegist in this couplet implies that Bacon had tried to do away with certain rooted abuses; but one of them (judges taking gifts, not necessarily bribes, from suitors) had caught him by the hands in his old age and left him a prey to his enemies. Milo, of Crotona, the most famous athlete of antiquity, carried an ox on his shoulders and ate it afterwards in one day. In his old age, trying to rive a partly split oak, it closed on his hands, and so he perished by wild beasts. *Multus* looks like a misprint for *inultus*, unavenged or unvindicated.

(10) Bacon used to keep himself very retired at times. His friends complained that they could not gain access to him. His own expression was that he was keeping state. Spedding tells us that, amazingly frank as he is in the letters and documents he has left regarding his life generally, yet he never admits us to his fireside. His private life remains a mystery.

Note to v.

(11) I think in these couplets the sacred streams of Pegasus and profane streams are called upon to mourn in different ways. However, better scholars do not think so. They make *profana* equiva-

lent to *profanata*, and [translate: "Lament, ye streams, which born beneath the hoofs of Pegasus, are now turbid with weeping, and run distained with mud in a stream barely sufficing to carry its load of black soil." So Mr. W. Theobald.

Note to vi.

(12) Cf. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, we all undergo our penal sufferings (*Æn.*, VI. 743).

Note to vii.

(13) Niobe was so proud of her numerous children that she despised Latona, mother of Diana and Apollo, who therefore slew her children. Niobe herself was changed by Jupiter into a stone.

Notes to ix.

(14) The metre, a spondee, a dactyl and three trochees require Tagus to be taken for the river famous for its golden sand. The first syllable is long in the Greek word signifying commander, otherwise an excellent rendering.

(15) If the writer wished to allude to Bacon's reference to himself as a "concealed poet," the phrase, *reconditarum et gemma pretiosa literarum*, answers the purpose very well. "Recondite literature" will do too.

Note to xi.

(16) Alluding to the concluding words in Bacon's *History of Henry VII.*: "So that he dwelleth more richly dead, [in the monument of his tomb, than he did alive at Richmond, or any of his palaces. I could wish he did the like in this monument of his fame." (*Works*, VII., p. 245).

Note to No. xii.

(17) Here Bacon is identified with Apollo, the god of poetry and music and leader of the choir of the Muses. Of the nine Muses, seven were expressly goddesses of poetry and every kind of song and music, the remaining two—Clio and Urania—were goddesses of History and Astronomy respectively.

Notes to Nos. xvi and xvii.

(18) cf. "Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughtie Rome
Sent forth."—From Ben Jonson's Poem prefixed to the First Folio. In his "Discoveries" he gives to Bacon the self-same superiority over "insolent Greece and haughtie Rome."

(19) *Marle idem*. Bacon here is declared great alike "in the field and in the Cabinet." But where did he distinguish himself as a military genius except in the plays of Shakespeare, where the soldiery is said to be as perfect as the seamanship or any other excellency of knowledge of all the "mysteries" of arts and crafts

therein contained? It is known that Bacon was a master in all (or nearly all) arts and crafts, liberal and mechanical; nothing of the kind is known about Shakspeare the actor.

(20) *Semihomo*. This word here means Centaur. Chiron, the wisest and justest of the Centaurs and the son of Saturn, was renowned for skill in hunting, medicine, music, prophecy, &c. Himself the pupil of Apollo and Diana, he became the teacher in the above-mentioned arts of the most famous heroes of Grecian story—Peleus, Achilles, Diomedes, &c.

(21) No one can deny the extreme obscurity of this couplet. *Moniti meliora sequamur* are Anchises' words in *Æn.* III. 188. "Admonished let us follow better counsels." But the two words *moniti meliora* are inscribed on the outer scroll of the left-hand title-page of the Frankfort edition of Bacon's works 1665, while inside is written the motto of the Bacon family, *mediocria firma*—moderation is strength. It seems to me that the two phrases are to be taken as forming one sentence. The meaning would then be: the best part of counsel is what combines strength and moderation. Now, applying this to the couplet, and in the light of what is now known of Bacon, the writer seems to warn the literary intimates of Bacon not to tell too much or claim too much for him, but that his memory would be best served, and the ends he had in view best promoted, by making so seemingly exaggerated claims of authorship, as in justice might be done; but to be moderate and yet to intimate that he was "a concealed poet" (*ex Ithaca fandi fictor*) which virtually covers the whole ground of the Baconian contention.

Fictor fandi Ulixes (*Æn.* IX. 602.) means Ulysses the counterfeiter or feigner, but *fictor fandi* would also signify poet ("The truest poetry is the most feigning,"—*As you Like It*, III. 3; so *Ex Ithaca fandi fictor* well suggests the "concealed poet," as Bacon writes to Sir John Davies he was.

Notes to No. xviii.

(22) Claros, a small town on the Ionian coast with a celebrated temple and oracle of Apollo, surnamed Clarius.

(23) This poem from beginning to end affords the strongest support to the Baconian theory. Bacon is called the "day star of the Muses." He is the chief care and grief of Apollo, their leader, god of poetry, music, &c. Melpomene above all is concerned for him. Now Melpomene, the songstress, is the muse of tragedy, and Shakespeare compared with himself even, is supreme, unapproachable in tragedy. The muse of tragedy recognises this and calls him, not her disciple or votary—no matter how excelling—but her Phœbus, her god. Such was Bacon to the poetic eye of the scholar

who wrote this elegy, and such and so much space did he fill in the eyes of many other contemporaries—some represented by these memorials.

No doubt Melpomene or any muse need not always stand for the goddess of that department of poetry she is usually entrusted with. Horace certainly speaks of Melpomene as goddess of poets generally, but this does not lessen at all the force of the testimony here supplied.

Notes to No. xix.

(24) *Conturbabit.* cf. *Sic Pedo conturbat, Matho deficit*, so Pedo stops payment, Matho fails.—*Juv.* VII. 129.

(25) *Invidiosa*, here means envied, not envious. cf. *Mæcenæ nostræ spes invidiosa juventæ*, Mæcenæ the envied hope of our youth.—*Prop.* II.I.83. We need no longer envy antiquity its literary greatness, since we have Bacon's works.

Notes to No. xxi.

(26) *Apollo* god of poetry, music, &c., is here identified with Bacon.

Notes to No. xxii.

(27) *Exultos.* Probably a misprint for *exultos*. There is no reason in the nature of things why *exolescere*, to grow up, to come to maturity, should not form its participle the same way as *adolescere*, *adultus*, but as a matter of fact the form *exoletus* only is found. I am inclined to think the writer meant it as the participle of *exolescere*.

28) Theta, the first letter of *θάνατος*, death, and used as an abbreviation for it.

(29) *Coronis*, a flourish of the pen at the end of a book. It also means the end or completion.

Note to No. xxiii.

(30) The boar, Bacon's crest.

Notes to No. xxiv.

31) *Naso.* Ovid was a great favourite with Bacon.

(32) *Keplesti mundum scriptis*, you have filled the world with your writings. cf. *supra* Elegy 22. Here we have emphatic corroboration of Bacon's widespread relations both as author and otherwise with Elizabethan and Jacobean literature. People laugh at some Baconians for claiming vastly more for Bacon than the "immortal plays," but this contemporary evidence "should give us pause" before drawing the line at the Shakespeare works. Moreover, it is to be noted that it is chiefly as a poet, the votary, nay the leader, of Apollo and the Muses, that Bacon is held up to admiration by these Latin versifiers.

Notes to No. xxv.

(33) Rhadamanthus, son of Zeus and Europa, for his justice made one of the judges in the next life.

(34) *Summum sophiæ magistrum*, Aristotle, called by Dante "Master of them that know." He called his logic the "*Opγavov*," the instrument (of reason), which suggested to Bacon the title of his work.

Contrasted ideas run through the stanzas of this poem, which makes clearer what the writer meant. In the second stanza Bacon's new method, as opposed to Aristotle's, is alluded to, and besides, organs and members provide a punning antithesis. In the third stanza "modern premisses" must mean facts or examples, and this with the indirect question (*sensus ratione*) shows how *conclusum* is to be interpreted.

Notes to No. xxvi.

(35) *cf.*, *Cani autem sunt sensus hominis, et ætas senectutis vita immaculata*, but the understanding of a man is grey hairs, and a spotless life is old age. (*Wisdom*, IV.8.)

Notes on No. xxviii.

(36) Eridanus, a river god, the Po, subject to devastating floods. One of these must have happened shortly before Bacon's death.

(37) Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha were the only mortals saved on account of their piety, when Zeus destroyed by a great flood the degenerate race of men.

(38) *Justa*—funeral rites.

Note to No. xxix.

(39) The plague raged in London the year before Bacon's death.

Not to No. xxxii.

(40) Two excellent translations of this, the longest, the last, and in many ways the most remarkable of these wonderful elegies, have already appeared in *Baconiana*, July, 1896. It was the first presented along with its translation to the public by Dr. Cantor when he had, as may be said, discovered them, after their lying 'practically unnoticed for well nigh three hundred years. The author of it was Thomas Randolph (1605—1635), poet, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and playwright "of the tribe of Ben," that is, friend of Ben Jonson and one of his dramatic school.

It is evident that Randolph in the elegy laments Bacon as being the greatest poet as well as sage the world ever saw. He does not allude so openly to the drama being the vehicle of Bacon's wisdom as the writer of the fourth elegy, but he puts no limit to his panegyric of Bacon's muse, calling him another Apollo, a greater than

Apollo, one whom Apollo feared would oust him from being king of the Muses, and again as incomparably surpassing all the poets and sages of antiquity.

Sir Leslie Stephen some years ago ridiculed the logic of Baconians, because he said they argued that Bacon could have written the Shakespeare plays, and therefore did. The argument would not be ridiculous in such a case, though it is not the Baconian proof—only an essential part. Most anti-Baconians ridicule the idea of Bacon's being capable of such poetical creations as Shakespeare. Randolph and others of these elegists judged him to be a poet unapproached and unapproachable by any other, ancient or modern—"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere."

(41) *Samium desipuisse senem*. Pythagoras, born at Samos. He professed to teach and train men how to raise themselves above mortal conditions—to approach the state of the gods and so become happy.

(42) *Hasta Quirini*—spear of Quirinus. Quirinus was a surname of Romulus, who is said to have cast his spear into the ground on the Quirinal Hill, where it took root. Quirinus is supposed to be derived from the Sabine word *quiris* meaning a lance or spear. Quirinus would therefore mean spearman. That there is here an allusion to Bacon's *nom de guerre*, Shakespeare, no one who knows who the dramatist really was can doubt. The lance which he brandished and hurled at ignorance (Ben Jonson in his famous prefatory poem to the first Folio compares Shakespeare's works to this lance) took root and became a laurel tree, thereby supplying unending crowns of literary glory.

(43) *Alias methodos*—i.e., new methods of learned and scientific research and discovery, and also new methods of "tradition and delivery" for the results of these researches and discoveries.

(44) *Gnossia*. At Gnosus in Crete was the famous Labyrinth of the Monotaur, Bacon calls his secret method, *Filum Labyrinthi*, the clue of the Labyrinth. His *Wisdom of the Ancients* too professes to unravel the mysteries contained in the myths of antiquity.

(45) *Tiphys*. The pilot of the Argo, the ship that fetched the golden fleece from Colchis.

(46) *Æsonis*. Æson, father of Jason, the hero of the golden fleece, was, according to Ovid, made young again by Medea.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON, S. J.

BACON AND SEATS OF LEARNING.

“Quod præcipium sibi duxit hōnoratissimus Dominus meus Vice-Comes Sancti Albani academiis et viris literatioribus ut cordi esset id (credo) obtinuit.”

—WILLIAM RAWLEY in his Preface to the *Manes Verulamiani*.

FRANCISCUS BARO DE VERULAMIO VICE-COMES SANCTI ALBANI.

ALMAE MATRI
INCLYTAE ACAD.
CANTABRIGIENSI S.

Debita Filii qualia possum persolvo; quod vero facio, idem & vos hortor, ut Augmentis Scientiarum strenuè incumbatis: & in Animi modestia libertatem ingenii retineatis: Neq; talentum à veteribus concreditum in sudario reponatis. Assuerit proculdubio affulserit Divini Luminis Gratia, si humiliata & submissa Religioni Philosophia clavibus sensus legitime & dextrè utamini: & amoto omni contradictionis studio, Quisq; cum alio, ac si ipse secum disputet, *Valete*.

INCLYTAE
ACADEMIAE
OXONIENSI S.

Cum Almae Matri meae inclytæ Cantabrigiensi Scripserim, deessem sanè officio, si simile Armoris pignus sorori ejus non deferrem. Sicut autem eos hortatus sum, ita & vos hortor ut Scientiarum Augmentis strenuè incumbatis & veterum labores, neq; nihil, neq; omnia esse putetis; sed vires etiam proprias modeste perpendentes, subinde tamen experiamini, omnia cedent quam optime; si Arma non alii in alios vertatis sed junctis copiis in Naturà rerù impressionè faciatis, sufficit quipe illa Honori & Victoriae, *Valete*.

From *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640.

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[Translation].

FRANCIS,
BARON VERULAM,
VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

TO HIS BOUNTIFUL MOTHER
THE FAMOUS UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE.

The debts of a son, such as I can, I discharge. And what I do myself, I exhort you to do likewise; that is to apply yourselves strenuously to the advancement of the Sciences, in modesty of mind to retain liberty of understanding, and not to lay up in a napkin the talent which has been transmitted to you in trust from the Ancients. Surely the grace of the divine light will attend and shine upon you, if humbling and submitting Philosophy to Religion you make a legitimate and dexterous use of the keys of sense; and putting away all zeal of contradiction, each dispute with other as if he were disputing with himself. Farewell.

TO THE FAMOUS UNIVERSITY
OF OXFORD.

Having written to my renowned nursing-mother, the University of Cambridge, I should be wanting in my duty if I did not send a pledge of love to her sister. And as I have exhorted them, so likewise I exhort you to apply yourselves strenuously to the advancement of the sciences and to account the labours of the ancients neither as being nothing nor as being all; but to weigh your own powers modestly and yet nevertheless to make trial of them. All will succeed best, if instead of turning your arms one against the other, you join your forces to make an impression upon the nature of things. For that is enough for honour and Victory. Farewell. *

* These two letters, which accompanied presentation copies to the Universities of *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, are not dated but belong to the end of the year 1623. The Latin text is to be found in *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640. The translations into English are taken from Spedding's *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life*, Vol. VII., p. 439.

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PRAENOBILIS, & (QUOD IN NOBILITATE PAENE MIRACULUM
EST) SCIENTISSIME VICE-COMES.

Nihil concinnius tribuere Amplitudo vestra, nihil gratius accipere potuit Academia, quam scientias: Scientias, quas prius inopes, exiguas, incultas emiserat, accepit tandem nitidas, proceras, ingenii tui copiis (quibus unice Augeri potuerant) uberrime dotatas. Grande ducit munus illud sibi a peregrino (si tamen peregrinus sit, tam prope consanguineus) auctius redire, quod filiolis suis instar patrimonii impendit, et libenter agnoscit hic nasci Musas, alibi tamen quam domi suae crescere. Creverunt quidem, et sub calamo tuo, qui, tanquam strenuus literarum Alcides, columnas tuas, mundo immobiles, propria manu in orbe scientiarum, plus ultra statuisti. Euge exercitatissimum athletam, qui, in aliorum patrocinandis virtutibus occupatissimus, alios; in scriptis propriis, te ipsum superâsti: Quippe in illo honorum tuorum fastigio viros tantum literatos promovisti; nunc tandem (O dulce prodigium!) etiam et literas. Onerat clientes beneficii hujus angustior munificentia, cujus in accipiendo honor apud nos manet, in fruendo emolumentum transit usque in posteros.

Quin ergo si gratiarum talioni impares sumus juncto robore alterius sæculi nepotes succurant; qui reliquum illud, quod tibi non possunt, saltem nomini tuo persolvent. Felices illi, nos tamen quàm longè feliciores, quibus honorifice conscriptam tuâ manu epistolam, quibus oculatissima lectitandi praecepta, et studiorum concordiam, in fronte voluminis demandasti: quasi parum esset Musas de tuo penu locupletare, nisi ostenderes quo modo et ipsæ discerent. Solenniori itaque osculo acerrimum judicii tui depositum excepit frequentissimus purpuratorum senatus; exceperunt pariter minoris ordinis gentes; et quod omnes in publico librorum thesaurario, in memoria singuli deposuerunt.

Dominationis vestrae studiosissima,

E domo nostrâ
Congregationis
20 Dec., 1623.

ACADEMIA OXONIENSIS.*

* *Letters of Bacon*, Robert Stephens, pp. 182-3, London, 1736.

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[*Translation*].

RIGHT NOBLE AND (WHAT IS ALMOST MIRACULOUS IN NOBILITY) MOST LEARNED VISCOUNT.

“Nothing could have been more fittingly given by your generosity, nothing more gratefully accepted by a university than the sciences; which sciences, previously sent forth poor, mean and rude, she at length receives glorious, mighty and most richly endowed with the stores of your learning (from which alone could their advancement have come).

Splendid indeed she considers it that this gift should come back to her with increase from a stranger (if indeed he is a stranger, whose kinship is so close)—a gift which she gets before her own sons as an example of their heritage, and gladly acknowledges that, though the Muses may be born here, yet they flourish elsewhere than in their home. They have flourished indeed and beneath your pen, you, who, like some mighty Hercules of letters, have with your own hands set up your columns, immovable on earth, in the world of the sciences. All hail! most practised athlete who hast surpassed others in thy care to protect other's virtues, and hast surpassed thyself in thine own writings. On to that high peak of thine honours thou hast advanced only men of letters, and now at length (sweet is the token) even letters themselves. A Kingly munificence is laid upon the beneficiaries of this foundation, the honour of accepting which rests with us, but the fruit of its enjoyment passes even to our successors. So therefore, should we prove unequal to the burden of gratitude, let the young men of another century add their strength to ours in assistance, and pay to thy name at least, since to thee they cannot, all the debt of thanks which remains. Happy will they be, but how much happier are we, to whom in the forepart of the book, thou hast committed a letter from thine own hands, written in the most honourable terms; where is also the clearest guidance for reading and the agreement of studies, as if it were too little for the Muses to be enriched from thy stores, unless thou also shewedst in what way even they might learn. With a solemn Kiss then did the Senate, full of Doctors and Masters receive this learned produce of thy genius: in like manner did

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those of lesser rank accept it, and while all placed it in the public treasure-house of books, each man severally stored it in his memory.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD most
zealous in your pre-eminence.

Given at Our House of Congregation,
20 Dec., 1623.

FRANCISCUS
BARO DE VERULAMIO
VICE-COMES SANCTI ALBANI
PERCELEBRI COLLEGIO SANCTAE ET INDIVIDUAE
TRINITATIS IN CANTABRIGIA
SALUTEM.

Res omnes earumque progressus initiis suis debentur. Itaque cum initia Scientiarum è fontibus vestris hauserim, incrementa ipsarum vobis rependenda existimavi. Spero itidem fore, ut haec nostra apud vos, tanquam in solo nativo, felicius succrescant.

Quamobrem et vos hortor, ut, salva animi modestia et erga veteres reverentiâ, ipsi quoque Augmentis Scientiarum non desitis: verum ut post volumina sacra Verbi Dei et Scripturarum, secundo loco volumen illud magnum operum Dei et creaturarum strenuè et prae omnibus libris (qui pro commentariis tantum haberi debent) evolvatis. Valete.*

[Translation].

FRANCIS
BARON VERULAM
VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN.
TO THE THRICE-FAMOUS COLLEGE OF THE HOLY
AND UNDIVIDED TRINITY AT CAMBRIDGE,
GREETING.

All things and their fruits belong to their beginnings. Wherefore since I drew the beginnings of learning from your sources, I have thought right to pay back to you

* Letter to Trinity College, Cambridge, which accompanied a presentation copy of the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. Spedding, *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life*, Vol. XII., pp. 439-40.

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the increase thereof. I hope therefore that these our first fruits may multiply exceedingly among you, as it were, in their native soil. Wherefore I exhort you also, that, with all modesty of spirit and reverence towards your elders, ye yourselves be not behindhand in the Advancement of Learning; and further that, after the sacred book of the Word of God and of the Scriptures, in the second place ye be most zealous to unfold that great work of God and of His creatures before all other books (which ought merely to be considered commentaries upon it).

FAREWELL.

IN HONOREM
ILLUSTRISSIMI DNI.
FRANCISCI
DE VERULAMIO
VICE-COMITIS STI. ALBANI
POST EDITAM AB EO
INSTAUR. MAG.

Quis iste tandem? non enim vultu ambulat
Quotidiano. Nescis Ignare? Audies,
Dux Notionum; Veritatis Pontifex
Inductionis Dominus; Verulamii;
Rerum Magister unicus, at non Artium:
Profunditatis Pinus; atque Elegantiae:
Naturae Aruspex intimus: Philosophiae
Aerarium: Sequester Experientiae,
Speculationisque: Aequatatis Signifer:
Scientiarum sub pupillari statu
Degentium olim Emancipator: luminis
Promus: Fugator Idolum, atque Nubium:
Collega Solis: Quadra Certitudinis,
Authoritatis exuens Tyrannidem:
Rationis et sensus stupendus Arbiter;
Repumicator Mentis: Atlas Physicus
Alcide succumbente STAGIRITICO:
Columba Noae, quae in vetustis Artibus
Nullum locum, requiemve Cernens, praestitit
Ad se suamque Matris Arcam regredi.
Subilitatis terebra; Temporis nepos

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Ex veritate matre: Mellis Alveus:
Mundique et Animarum, sacerdos unicus:
Securis Errorum: inque Natalibus
Granum sinapis, acre aliis, Crescens sibi.
O me prope Lassum; Juvate Posterii.

GEOR. HERBERT ORAT. PUB. in Academ.
Cantab.

(From the Introduction to *The Advancement of Learning*.)

[Translation].

TO THE HONOUR
OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS
FRANCIS
OF VERULAM
VISCOUNT SAINT ALBAN
AFTER THE PUBLICATION
BY HIM
OF
THE GREAT INSTAURATION.

“Say who is he? For with no common face he passes?
Dost thou not know dullard? Thou shalt hear. The
Leader of Ideas, the High Priest of Truth, the Lord of
Induction, as of Verulam. The Sole Master of Nature,
but not of the Arts: The Sanctuary of Profundity and of
Elegance. The innermost Seer of Nature, the Treasury of
Philosophy, the Trustee of Experience and Speculation.
The Standard-bearer of Equity: The Liberator of Learning
once living in ward: The Steward of Light, the Banisher of
Idols and of Mists, the Colleague of the Sun, the Keystone
of Certainty: The Scourge of Sophistry: A Brutus of Letters
that put off the Tyranny of Authority: The Mighty Judge
of Reason and the Senses, the Pruner of the Mind, an Atlas
of Physics with the Stagirite Alcides prone before him.
The Dove of Noah, which seeing no place of rest in the
Ancient Arts, stood forth to return to herself and the Ark
of her Mother: The Gimlet of Subtlety: The Grandson of
Time with Verity for Mother. A Hive of Honey. The
only Priest of the World and of Spirits: The Mower down of

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Errors, and at his Birth a grain of Mustard-seed, bitter to others, growing in himself. Ah me! I am almost fore-done, Posterity help me

GEORGE HERBERT, PUBLIC ORATOR AT
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

ALMAE MATRI ACADEMIAE CANTABRIGIENSI.

Cum vester filius sim et alumnus, voluptati mihi erit, partum meum nuper editum vobis in gremium dare: aliter enim velut pro exposito eum haberem. Nec vos moveat, quod via nova sit. Necesse est enim talia per aetatum et sæculorum circuitus evenire. Antiquis tamen suis constat honos; ingenii scilicet: nam fides Verbo Dei et Experientiae tantum debetur. Scientias autem ad experientiam retrahere, non conceditur: at easdem ab experientia de integro excitare, operosum certè sed per-vium.

Deus vobis et studiis vestris faveat.

Filius Vester amantissimus,

FR. VERULAM CANC.*

Apud Ædes,

Eboracenses,

31st Oct., 1620.

[Translation].

TO HIS BOUNTIFUL MOTHER THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

As your son and pupil, I desire to lay in your bosom my new-born child. Otherwise I should hold it for a thing exposed. Let it not trouble you that the way is new; for in the revolutions of times such things must needs be. Nevertheless the ancients retain their proper honour—that is, of wit and understanding; for faith is due only to the Word of God and to Experience. Now to bring the

* Bacon's letter which accompanied a copy of the *Novum Organum* which he presented to Cambridge University Library. Ibid., Vol. VII., pp. 135-6.

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sciences back to experience is not permitted; but to grow them anew out of experience, though laborious, is practicable.

May God bless you and your studies.†

Your most loving Son,

FR. VERULAM CHANCELLOR.

York House,

31st Oct., 1620.

“Layeing for a place to command wyttts and pennes, Westminster, Eton, Wynchester; spec(ially) Trinity Coll., Cam., St. John’s, Cam., Maudlin Coll.; Oxford.

Qu. Of young schollars in ye Universities. It must be the *post nati*. Giving pensions to four, to compile the two histories, ut supra. Foundac: Of a college for inventors, Library, Inginary.

Qu. Of the order and discipline, the rules and praescripts of their studyes and inquiryes, allowances for travelling, intelligence, and correspondence with ye Universities abroad.

Qu. Of the maner and praescripts touching secrecy, traditions, and publication.”—

Entries in Bacon’s *Transportata*.

† Ibid., p. 136.

FRANCIS BACON AND GRAY'S INN.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR D. PLUNKET BARTON,
BARONET, P.C., K.C.,

RESIDENT BENCHER OF GRAY'S INN.

I FEEL honoured by the request of the Bacon Society that I should contribute an article upon "Francis Bacon and Gray's Inn" to the tercentenary number of *Baconiana*. I have consented to do so upon condition that I may preface my article by dissociating myself from what I understand to be the prevailing opinion of the Society upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. I confess to being what is called "an old-fashioned Stratfordian." At the same time I venture to advocate, especially in this year of anniversary celebration, an attitude of mutual courtesy and tolerance among all the admirers of Francis Bacon.

Francis Bacon was in his sixteenth year when he was admitted to Gray's Inn on the same day as his four elder brothers. Being the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the nephew of Lord Burghley, he started with a great advantage, and was the recipient of special privileges. Three years afterwards Sir Nicholas Bacon died, and Francis Bacon took up his residence in the Inn.

Francis Bacon's mother was anxious about his health. It appears that he suffered from indigestion, which, in her opinion, was caused by his late hours of going to bed and rising. She attributed these irregular habits to his studies, or, to use her words, to his "musing," about "nescio quid." The good lady, being a rather narrow-minded Puritan, is found exhorting her sons that "they will not mum nor masque nor sinfully revel at Gray's Inn." Her exhortations were unheeded; but his uncle Burghley obtained special permission, "in respect of his health," to choose his diet and have his meals in his own chambers.

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Meanwhile, his promotion in the Inn was hurried forward. There is an extant note in Burghley's handwriting to the effect that Francis Bacon was given "ancienty" over the head of forty of his fellows. He became a Bencher in 1586 at the age of twenty-five, and thereafter took a very active interest in the affairs of the Society. For example we find him accepting responsibility at one time for the chapel, at another time for the financial administration of the Inn, and at another time for the library. For a great part of his life the Inn was his home, and its service was one of the principal occupations of his leisure hours. The two departments of the social life of the Inn in which he took the deepest interest were the garden and the masques.

Francis Bacon's work in laying out and in planting the garden was a labour of love. For him horticulture was a fascinating pursuit. In his essay, "Of Gardens," he enlarges upon the perfume and the beauty of flowers and plants, and upon their respective times and seasons, and he gives expression to his own sentiments on the subject in the following passage: "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork."

It appears from the extant records of the Society that between 1597 and 1600 Francis Bacon was busily engaged in laying out and planting the garden, in railing and fencing it, and in "the garnishing of the walkes." Indeed, it is to his designs that we owe the general contour of the garden as it exists to-day. We know that in his time there were more than eighty elm trees, besides walnut and ash. There are still to be seen in the garden, preserved and underpropped, the remains of an old catalpa tree, which, if ancient tradition can be trusted, was planted by Bacon. It has been conjectured that it was brought from the New World by Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as Spedding relates, paced the Gray's Inn walks with Bacon before starting on the last of his adventurous voyages.

In the garden Bacon erected a summer-house in memory of a friend and fellow-Bencher, Jeremy Bettenham, whose

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name is frequently found in the books of the Society in connection with his own. The summer-house remained for about a hundred and fifty years, with Bacon's memorial inscription upon it, until it was removed for the purpose of opening the prospect.

Bacon displayed no less activity in the organization of masques than in the planting of the garden. Here, again, he has revealed his mind in his essay, "Of Masques and Triumphs," where he tells us that "these things are but toys, to come among such serious observations. But yet, since princes will have such things, it is better that they should be graced with elegance than daubed with cost." Masques for him were princely toys; and in order to grace them with elegance, he frequently turned aside from more serious occupations.

It was for the Entertainment of Queen Elizabeth at her palace at Greenwich that Francis Bacon collaborated with Sir Christopher Yelverton and other members of the Inn in producing "The Misfortunes of Arthur" in 1588. At the Christmas Revels, which were presented at Gray's Inn with great magnificence in 1594, Francis Bacon was the principal organizer and contriver of ingenious merry-makings. One of the masques represented a mock meeting of the Privy Council of the mimic Prince of Purpoole, who was the Lord of Misrule. At this meeting wise and witty speeches were delivered by six of the Prince's Councillors. Mr. James Spedding in his *Letters and Life of Francis Bacon* writes of these speeches that they carry Bacon's "signature in every sentence," and that the councillors "speak with Bacon's tongue and out of Bacon's brain."

In the next reign we find Francis Bacon busying himself on at least three occasions with Masques for the entertainment of James I. In 1613—1614 we find it recorded that he "spared no time in the setting forth, the ordering and the furnishing" of the Masque which was given jointly by Gray's Inn and the Inner Temple to celebrate the marriage of the King's daughter to the Count Palatine. In the following winter he is said to have spent upwards of £2,000 in organizing a "Masque of Flowers," which was

presented by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Somerset. A few years afterwards, when he was Lord Chancellor, he dined at Gray's Inn "to give his countenance to" the Christmas revels of 1617—1618, in the course of which a Masque was played by Members of the Inn before the King.

It was in 1607 that Francis Bacon became Solicitor-General. His duties as Law Officer of the Crown did not prevent him from continuing to take an active interest in Gray's Inn. From 1608 he held the office of Treasurer for eight years, a continuity of tenure never approached except in our own time in the person of Lord Birkenhead. He continued his care of the garden, planting it with birch, beech and elm, and introducing beds of roses and of other flowers.

During his tenure of the office of Solicitor-General, he published his "Arguments of Law," which he dedicated to "My Loving Friends and Fellows, the Readers, Ancients, Utter Barristers and Students of Gray's Inn." He proceeded in his Preface to pay the following tribute of homage and affection to the Society:

"This work I knew not to whom to dedicate rather than to the Society of Gray's Inn, the place whence my father was called to the highest place of Justice, and where myself have lived and had my proceedings so far as, by His Majesty's rare, if not singular, grace, to be of both of his counsels, and therefore few men so bound to their societies, by obligations both ancestral and personal, as I am to yours which I would gladly acknowledge, not only in having your name joined with mine own in a book, but in any other good office and effect which the active part of my life and place may enable me unto, toward the Society, or any of you in particular, and so I bid you heartily farewell.

"Your assured loving friend and fellow,

"FRANCIS BACON."

Gray's Inn has always been loyal to its distinguished sons when they have fallen into adversity. Francis Bacon had a set of chambers in the Inn on a lease, the term of

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which was running out. In November, 1622, the Benchers granted him a double set of chambers for a fresh term of forty years. Soon afterwards we read in a letter from a London gossip to a friend abroad: "The Lord St. Albans is in his old remitter, and come to lie in his lodgings in Gray's Inn."

It had been from Gray's Inn that a procession of nobles, knights and gentlemen had escorted him to Westminster Hall after his appointment as Lord Keeper; and it was to what he called his "cell" at Gray's Inn that he returned, after his fall, in order to find consolation in literature and in the society of his friends. It was there that he wrote most of his great philosophical works. It was on the road to Gray's Inn, near Highgate, in March, 1626, that, in carrying out a scientific experiment, he caught the fatal illness which ended in releasing his broken spirit.

In his Will he bequeathed "to the poor of St. Andrew's in Holborn, in respect of my long abode in Gray's Inn, thirty pounds," and he directed his chambers at Gray's Inn to be sold, and the proceeds, which he estimated at £300, to be applied for the benefit of fifteen poor scholars in Oxford University and ten poor scholars in Cambridge University."

It is a proud reflection for the members of Gray's Inn that so great a man as Francis Bacon made it his home, his chosen place of study and relaxation, and the peaceful background of the whole of his wonderful life.

BACON AND THE DRAMA.

"Qui unica brevi vita perennis emerit duas, agit vitam secundam cælites inter animas."

"Francis of Verulam reasoned thus with himself, and judged it to be for the interest of the present and future generations that they should be made acquainted with his thoughts."—From the *Præmium of Instauratio Magna*.

BACON'S great philosophic scheme the *Instauratio Magna*, by means of which he hoped, with Divine approval, to put a new scientific weapon into the hands of Mankind, was divided into six parts, named as follows:—

I.—*Partitiones Scientiarum* or *The Divisions of the Sciences*. This part is represented by *De Augmentis Scientiarum* and *The Advancement of Learning*; These books are a survey of the state of knowledge as it existed in Bacon's time.

II.—*Interpretatio Naturæ*, or *The Interpretation of Nature*, which reveals the method by means of which the human mind is to be directed in its work of renewing Science. This part is supplied by the *Novum Organum*.

III.—*Historia Naturalis et Experimentalis*, a *Natural and Experimental History*; this contains observed facts in nature and is the basis of the structure of Bacon's philosophy and it comprises *Historia Ventorum*, *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, *Historia Densi et Rari* and *Sylva Sylvarum*.

IV.—*Scala Intellectus*, or *The Ladder of the Intellect*: This division appears to be represented only by a fragment of a few pages called *Filum Labyrinthi* or *The Thread of the Labyrinth*. This was found among Bacon's papers after his death. It is endorsed in his hand "*Ad filios*," presumably to those "*Sons of the Morning*" (*Auroræ Filii*) whom

he hoped would carry on the campaign which he had inaugurated, those whom he believed would hear the bell which he was ringing "to call other wits together."

Bacon intended that this "ladder of the intellect" should consist of types and examples of the manner in which the new method worked in order that the mind might readily grasp the rungs of ascent and descent and thus become versed in its use.

Except for *Filum Labyrinthi* there is apparently nothing to fill this division in Bacon's acknowledged works.

V.—*Prodromi*, or *Anticipations of the New Philosophy*.

This was to be separate from the general design but, perhaps, ancillary to it, and was to contain speculations of Bacon's own by the unassisted use of his understanding.

Spedding thinks that the following treatises were to be included in this division: *De Principiis*, *De Fluxu et Refluxu*, *Cogitationes de Natura Rerum*, but it is by no means certain that this is so.

VI.—*The New Philosophy*, which is the work of future ages and the result of the *New Method*.

In *De Augmentis Scientiarum** Bacon divides Poesy into three divisions:—Narrative, Dramatic, and Parabolical. Of the first he says:—

"For if the matter be attentively considered, a sound argument may be drawn from Poesy, to show that there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety than it can anywhere (since the Fall) find in nature. And, therefore, since the acts and events which are the subjects of real history are not of sufficient grandeur to satisfy the human mind, Poesy is at hand to feign acts more heroic; since the successes and issues of actions as related in true history are far from being agreeable to the merits of virtue

* Book II, Chap. XIII.

and vice, Poesy corrects it, exhibiting events and fortunes as according to merit and the law of providence; since true history wearies the mind with satiety of ordinary events, one like another, Poesy refreshes it, by reciting things unexpected and various and full of vicissitude. So that this Poesy conduces not only to delight but also to magnanimity and morality. Whence it may be fairly thought to partake somewhat of a divine nature; *because it raises the mind and carries it aloft,** accommodating the shows of things to the desires of the mind, not (like reason and history) buckling and bowing down the mind to the nature of things.

And by these charms, and that agreeable congruity which it has with man's nature, accompanied also with music, to gain more sweet access, it has so won its way as to have been held in honour even in the rudest ages and among barbarous peoples, when other kinds of learning were utterly excluded.

Dramatic Poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence both of discipline and of corruption. Now of corruptions in this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our times been plainly neglected. And though in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet among the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's minds to virtue. Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow by which men's minds may be played upon. And certainly it is most true, and one of the great secrets of nature, that the minds of men are more open to impressions and affections when many are gathered together than when they are alone.

But Parabolical Poesy is of a higher character than the others, and appears to be something sacred and venerable; especially as religion itself commonly uses its aid as a

* Our Italics.—Editors.

means of communication between divinity and humanity. But this too is corrupted by the levity and idleness of wits in dealing with allegory. It is of double use and serves for contrary purposes; for it serves for an infoldment; and it likewise serves for illustration. In the latter case the object is a certain method of teaching, in the former an artifice for concealment. Now this method of teaching, used for illustration, was very much in use in the ancient times.

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But there remains yet another use of Poesy Parabolical, opposite to the former; wherein it serves (as I said) for an infoldment; for such things, I mean, the dignity whereof requires that they should be seen as it were through a veil; that is when the secrets and mysteries of religion, policy, and philosophy are involved in fables or parables."

In the *Novum Organum*,* Bacon says:—

"For I form a history and tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame and the like"; and writing to King James in October, 1620, about the publication of this book he says: "In what colours soever it may be set forth is no more but a new logic teaching to invent and judge by induction."

In a letter to Father Fulgentio he says, "After these [works] shall follow the *Novum Organum*, to which a second part is to be added which I have already comprised and measured in the idea of it."

Mr. Parker Woodward, in an illuminating article on *Bacon's New Method* in *Baconiana* for October, 1905, says:

"Philosophy, therefore, according to Bacon, operates by *persuasion* and *insinuation*. In the *Advancement of Learning* (printed 1605) we are told: '*Men generally taste well knowledges drenched in flesh and blood, civil history, morality, policy, about which men's affections, praises, fortunes do turn, and are conversant*'."

In an article in *Baconiana* some years† ago Mr. F. C.

* *Aphorism*, CXXVII.

† *Shakespeare's Delineation of the Passion of Anger*. *Baconiana*, July, 1910.

Hunt dealt with this aspect in the following words: "It seems to have been the intention of Bacon to divide his philosophy into two great branches—Natural Philosophy or Science—and Moral Philosophy, or the science of human passions and dispositions. He early and repeatedly asserts the mirror of the human mind must first be cleansed from its layer of ignorance, superstition, prejudice and passions before it can truly reflect the rays of the truth of nature. There must be a marriage, he says, between nature and the mind of man. His philosophy was a new thing in the world, but as he writes to the King, it was 'but copied from a very ancient pattern, no other than the world itself, and of the mind.' "

That he intended to anatomise human passions seems clear.

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This branch of philosophy he described in other words as 'that knowledge which considereth of the Appetite and Will of Man' and thus must be studied, inquired of, and illustrated by examples, as he further says:

"Another article of this knowledge is the inquiry touching the affections, for as in medicining of the body, it is in order first to know the divers complexions and constitutions; secondly, the diseases; and lastly, the cures: so in medicining the mind, after knowledge of the divers characters of men's *natures* it followeth, in order, to know the diseases and infirmities of the mind, which are no other than the perturbations and distempers of the affections."

Now it is peculiar that we look in vain for an open handling of this subject by Bacon in the manner he suggested, and further, that that work, has already been accomplished by poets and historians. He continues thus:

"But the *poets* and writers of histories are the best *doctors of this knowledge*; where we may find painted forth with great life, how affections are *kindled* and *incited*; and how *pacified* and *refrained*; and how again *contained from act* and further degree; how they *disclose themselves*; how they *work*; how they gather and fortify; how they are en-

wrapped one within another; how they do fight and encounter one with another; and other the like particularities; amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civil matters; how I say, to set affection against affection, and to master one by another; even as we used to hunt beast with beast, and fly bird with bird, which otherwise perhaps we could not so easily recover; upon which foundation is erected that excellent use of 'præmium' and 'pœna' whereby civil states consist; employing the predominant affections of fear and hope, for the suppressing and bridling the rest. For as in the government of states it is sometimes necessary to bridle one affection with another, so it is in the government within."

But by the unanimous verdict of the literary world it is Shake-speare who is the great doctor paramount of this knowledge—the mighty master of human nature, whose art parallels at every point Bacon's own philosophy; and in the above extract we are brought to a realisation that Bacon, beyond any subsequent critic, has furnished the most perfect description of the principles of the Shake-speare art.

Who taught Shakespeare to repudiate the authority of Socrates and Plato, and re-unite Philosophy with Poetry?

Bacon treats in short essays of five human passions—Ambition, Revenge, Envy, Love *Anger*. Why does Shakespeare step in and furnish the 'civil examples' of these passions which Bacon seems to have forgotten to supply?

If the Shakespeare Plays constitute Bacon's Moral Philosophy presented to mankind by insinuation and entertainment (as Bacon says it should be so taught) then we may safely ground the proposition that wherever Bacon in his admitted writings has laid down the principles of action of any certain passion, then those principles would be followed in the Shake-speare delineation of such passion. Here would be a fair test of the identity of Shake-speare and Bacon."

In *The Shakespeare Enigma*, the late Father Sutton, S.J., says:

“Students of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy gradually become aware that they are dealing with a question involving, not merely the authorship of the works commonly ascribed to Shakespeare, but a question that in proportion as it is investigated and understood reveals a personality endowed with moral and intellectual qualities of the most amazing, bewildering, stupendous description. When one gets to know in some proportionate degree what Bacon’s character was, one is obliged to confess that there is nothing too strange to be true in his regard, and that anything about him, short of contradiction in terms, would be credible, if evidence can be produced. If nothing more could be proved about the so-called Shakespearean creations than that ‘the greatest, wisest’ of mankind was their real author, it would be illimitably interesting and important. But what shall we say, when it is seriously asserted, and the assertion supported by amazing evidence, that the *Comedies*, *Histories* and *Tragedies* actually form the fourth, fifth and sixth parts of the *Instauratio Magna*, the ‘Great Restoration of Learning?’

Able and learned men in England, Germany and America, working independently, have come to this astounding conclusion, and the more it is examined the more it becomes established.

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In the year 1894, there appeared in Germany a remarkable work by Mr. Edwin Bormann, a distinguished literary and philosophical writer, which work was translated into English by Mr. H. Brett, and published in London, 1895. It is called *The Shakespeare Secret*. Its thesis is, that the *Comedies Histories* and *Tragedies* are what Bacon intended as the crown and consummation of his philosophy, by forming the fourth, fifth, and sixth parts of the *Instauratio Magna*.

An earlier investigator, Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, in the

New Study of Shakespeare (London 1884), had arrived at somewhat similar conclusions, and showed how the plays and sonnets not only drew their vast learning from Bacon's literary and philosophical works, but were also intimately connected with the origins of the classical drama and with the Platonic Philosophy, in other words, with the Eleusinian and other mysteries of antiquity. Almost at the same time with Bormann's work appeared another in America, by Mr. Henry J. Ruggles, entitled *The Plays of Shakespeare, Founded on Literary Forms*, showing how each play is the development of a 'form' or Baconian law or idea, for a root, and Baconian facts and notions drawn from Bacon's acknowledged works for stem and branches, leaves, flowers and fruit.

The American, Judge Holmes, in his famous work *The Authorship of Shakespeare*, in the early eighties, had maintained that the plays were examples of the 'Types' and 'Plasmata' with which Bacon said the fourth part of the *Instauratio* was to work. These works, profound and learned, seem to be quite independent of each other. Mr. Wigston's original and erudite studies may have suggested Mr. Bormann's investigations, but all give proof of wide and deep knowledge of Bacon and Shakespeare, and of quite independent lines of investigation. When the world wakens up to the fact that Bacon was Shakespeare, these works will gain the recognition and fame which they deserve, as pioneers and discoverers of literary worlds of surpassing interest and importance.

As has already been suggested, it is only ignorance of the *status questionis* which can assert that the *Plays of Shakespeare* cannot possibly be the missing part of the *Instauratio Magna*. They are conceded to be replete to overflowing with all kinds of learning—physical, metaphysical, political, social, artistic, mechanical, literary, ethical, religious—in all the ways that human thought can employ itself on human experience.

If they are Bacon's ultimate philosophy, they are so, as, what he calls, 'parabolic poesy,' in which all his ideas and principles are enclosed and delivered to mankind to be

investigated and discovered by being interpreted in some such way as he himself interpreted the parables and philosophic myths of the ancients.

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This deeply-planned mystery of the Shakespearean drama and Baconian philosophy constitutes the most marvellous feat of human wisdom and wit in existence, taking the world for its playing ground in a game which exercises and recreates all the intellectual and moral faculties, for the purpose above all of ministering to minds diseased, of healing. as far as may be, the universal insanity, which the idols of the tribe, of the den, of the market-place and of the theatre have caused."

Space does not allow more than a passing notice of the strong corroboration of the foregoing views of the writers quoted, which is so amply furnished by the *Manes Verulamiani* published in the present number of *Baconiana*.

In the fourth elegy we have the following:

"As Eurydice wandering through the shades of Dis longed to caress Orpheus, so did Philosophy entangled in the subtleties of Schoolmen seek Bacon as a deliverer, with such winged hand as Orpheus lightly touched the lyre's strings, the Styx before scarce ruffled, now at last bounding, with like hand stroked Philosophy raised high her crest; nor did he with workmanship of fussy meddlers patch, but he renovated her walking lowly in the shoes of Comedy. After that more elaborately he rises on the loftier tragic buskin, and the Stagirite (like) Virbius comes to life again in the *Novum Organum*."

Attention may also be called to the reference to "the precious gem of concealed literature" (*reconditarum et gemma pretiosa literarum*) in the ninth elegy and to the significant statement in the fifteenth: "Why should I mention each separate work, a number of which of high repute remain? A portion lies buried (*pars sepulta jacet*); for some also, Rawley, his *fidus Achates*, ensures for Francis that they should see the light." The writer of the last quotation was Robert Ashley of the Middle Temple.

It is natural to ask what are these hidden works and where are they buried.

Is it possible that these works are the Shakespeare Plays—the missing parts of the *Instauratio Magna*?

Dean Church, in his *Life of Bacon*, states that Bacon lived in the constant and almost unaccountable faith that his life would be understood and greatly honoured by posterity.

In a letter to Father Fulgentio of the Republic of Venice, Bacon said, "I work for posterity, these things requiring ages for their accomplishment." Can it be that this is a reference to the New Philosophy in the disguise of Shakespearean drama, and the effects on the minds of men which Bacon expected it to produce in the course of centuries?

As Mr. Parker Woodward says in the article already alluded to in these pages, "After three hundred years we can report that Bacon's *New Method* has prospered and borne fruit. The brimstone has been so cleverly mixed with the treacle that the compound has been gulped down with universal satisfaction. Moreover, Bacon always enjoyed a jest, and would have laughed consumedly to know that some of the most ardent and accomplished partakers of his brimstone and treacle, to wit, the faculty of *ad literam* critics, have swallowed the label as well!"

What a stupendous, what a benevolent jest! With the world as his theatre and centuries for the duration of the performance the man who, in the words of his friend, Ben Jonson, "could not spare or pass by a jest," remains awaiting his call to come before the curtain, a call which surely cannot be long delayed.

And whether I shall have accomplished all this I appeal to future time.—BACON.

BACON AS A POET.

“Poesis autem Doctrinae tanquam Somnium.”

—BACON’S *De Augmentis Scientiarum*.

“Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm, which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is as rain which distends and then bursts the circumference of the reader’s mind and pours itself forth together with it into the universal element with which it has perpetual sympathy.”

—SHELLEY’S *Defence of Poetry*.

“La nature l’avait créé bel esprit, moraliste sensé et ingénieux, écrivain élégant, avec je ne sais quelle veine poétique qui lui fournit sans cesse une foule d’images extrêmement heureuses, de manière que ses écrits, comme fables, sont encore très amusant.”

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“Rarement il résiste à l’envie d’être poète.”

—COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

“It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakespeare’s dramas there is, apart from all other faculties as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon’s *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one.”

—CARLYLE (who was not a believer in Bacon’s Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays) quoted in *Shakespeare Criticism* by NICHOL SMITH.

“There is something about him not fully understood or discerned which, in spite of all curtailments of his claims in regard to one special kind of eminence or another, still leaves the sense of his eminence as strong as ever.”

—GEORGE L. CRAIK.

"We have only to open *The Advancement of Learning* to see how the Attic bees clustered above the cradle of the new philosophy. Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind."

—E. BULWER LYTTON.

"The poetic faculty was powerful in Bacon's mind."

—MACAULAY.

"Another virtue of the book [*Bacon's Essays*] is one which is not frequently found in union with the scientific or philosophical intellect, viz., a poetical imagination. Bacon's similes, for their aptness and their vividness, are of the kind of which Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Richter might have been proud."

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

"To this Bacon would bring something of that big poetical spirit which gleams out of every page of his philosophy."

—CHARLES KNIGHT.

"Reason in him works like an instinct; the chain of thought reaches to the highest heaven of invention."

—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"The truth is that Bacon was not without the fine frenzy of the poet . . . Had his genius taken the ordinary direction, I have little doubt that it would have carried him to a place among the great poets."

—*Lord Bacon's Works*, Vol. VII. Literary and Professional Works, Vol. II., p. 248. JAMES SPEDDING.

"It is as if into a mind poetical in form there had been poured all the matter that existed in the mind of Shakespeare."

—DAVID MASSON.

“Dramatic poetry, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed.”

—BACON’S *De Augmentis Scientiarum*.

“For your Lordship’s love, rooted upon good opinion I esteem it highly, because I have tasted of the fruits of it; and we both have tasted of the best waters, in my account, to knit minds together.”

—BACON to Lord Henry Howard.

“For as for appetite, the waters of Parnassus are not like the waters of the Spaw, that give a stomach; but rather they quench appetite and desires.”

—BACON in a letter to Essex, 1594.

“Be kind to concealed poets.”

—BACON in a Letter to Sir John Davies, 1603.

“His Lordship was a good poet, but concealed, as appears by his letters.”

—JOHN AUBREY (see his *Brief Lives* by A. Clarke).
Vol. I., p. 72, pub. 1898.

BACON ON HIMSELF AND HIS WORK.

“I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men.” (From a prayer by Bacon).

“I think, no man may more truly say with the Psalm, *Multum Incola fuit Anima mea*, than myself. For I confess, since I was of any Understanding, my Minde, hath in effect been absent from what I have done; and in Absence, are many Errours, which I do willingly acknowledge; and amongst the rest, this great one that led the rest: That knowing my Self, by inward Calling, to be fitter to hold a Book, than play a part, I have led my life in Civil Causes; For which I was not very fit by Nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my Minde. Therefore calling my Self home, I have now, for a time enjoyed my Self; whereof likewise, I desire to make the World partaker.”

—BACON in a letter to Sir Thomas Bodley, upon sending him his *Advancement of Learning*.

“Truly I (worthiest King), in speaking of myself, as matters stand, both in that which I now publish, and in that which I plan for the future, I often, consciously and purposely, cast aside the dignity of my Genius and my name (if such a thing be), while I serve the welfare of humanity.”

—*De Augmentis Scientiarum*.

“For in my judgement, it is a matter which concernes not only the Benefit of others; but our own reputation also; that no man imagine that we have projected in our minds some slight superficial notion of these Designes; and that they are of the nature of those things, which we could Desire, and which we accept only as good Wishes. For they are such as without question, are within the power and possibility of men to compasse, unlesse they be wanting to themselves; and thereof, we for our parts, have certain and evident demonstration; for we come not hether, as Augures, to measure

Countries in our mind, for Divination ; but as Captaines, to invade them for a conquest.

The Author's Censure upon himselfe."

—*Advancement of Learning*, 1640.

"I doe foresee that many of those things which I shall register as Deficients will incurre divers censures ; as that some parts of this enterprize were done long agoe, and are now extant ; others that they taste of curiosity & promise no great fruit ; others, that they are impossible to be compassed by humane industries. For the two first, let the particulars speak for themselves. For the last touching impossibilities, I determine this. All those things are to be held possible and performeable which may be accomplisht be some person, thoe not by every one ; and which may be done by the united labours of many, thoe not by any one apart, and which may be effected in a succession of Ages, thoe not in the same Age ; and in briefe which may be finisht by the care and charge of the pub., thoe not by the abilities and industry of private persons.

If for all this there be any, who would rather take to himself that of Solomon, 'Dicit Piger Leo est in via,' than that of Virgil 'Possunt quia posse videntur' . . . it is enough for me, if my labours may be estimed as votes yet the better sort of wishes : for as it asks some knowledge to demand a Question not impertinent ; so it requires some understanding to make a wish not absurd."

—*Ibid* Proem Lib. II. (From the *Testimonies* at the beginning of that edition).

"As for my Essays, and some other particulars of that nature, I count them but as the recreation of my other studies, and in that sort purpose to continue them ; though I am not ignorant, that those kind of writings, would with less pains, and embracement perhaps, yield more lustre and reputation unto my name, than those other which I have in hand. But I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death, to be but an untimely anticipation of that, which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him."

—BACON in a letter to Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, 1622.

"I have taken all knowledge for my province."

—BACON in a letter to his uncle, Lord Burleigh.

"A little before that time, being about the middle of Michaelmas term (1599), her majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twickenham Park, at which time I had (though I profess not to be a poet) prepared a sonnet, directly tending and alluding to draw on her majesty's reconcilment to my lord; which I remember, also I showed to a great person and one of my lord's nearest friends who commended it."

—BACON in the *Apology Concerning Essex*.

"About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's case, which though it grew from me went after about in others' names. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry the Fourth, thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said she had good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason; whereto I answered: for treason surely I found none, but for felony very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text. And another time, when the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some mischievous author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, 'Nay, Madam, he is a Doctor, never rack his person, but rack his stile; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collecting the stiles to judge whether he were the author or no.'"

—*Ibid.*

“Hereupon the next news that I heard was, that we were all sent for again, and that her Majesty’s pleasure was, we all should have parts in the business; and the Lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me, that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my Lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before-mentioned of King Henry the Fourth. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their Lordships, that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and therefore that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales. It was answered again with good shew, that because it was considered how I stood tied to my Lord of Essex, therefore that part was thought fittest for me which did him least hurt; for that whereas all the rest was matter of charge and accusation, this only was but matter of caveat and admonition.”

—*Ibid.*

“The book for deposing King Richard the Second and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, ‘Whether there were any treason contained in it?’ Who intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen’s bitterness with a merry conceit, answered ‘No, Madame, for treason I cannot deliver an opinion that there is any, but very much felony.’ The Queen, apprehending it gladly, asked, ‘How? and wherein?’ Mr. Bacon answered, ‘Because he had stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus.’ ”

—BACON’S *Apophthegms*.

“My name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to mine own countrymen after some time be passed over.”

—BACON’S Will quoted in *Baconiana*, 1679.

“Francis, Lo Verulam consulted thus, and thus con-

cluded with himselfe; the publication whereof he conceiv'd did concerne the present and future age.

Seeing it was manifestly known unto Him, that humane understanding creates itselfe much trouble; nor makes an apt and sober use of such Aides, as are within the Command of Man; from whence infinite ignorance of Things; and from the ignorance of Things, innumerable disadvantages; his opinion was, that with all our industry we should endeavour, if happily that same COMMERCE OF THE MIND AND OF THINGS (than which a greater blessing can hardly be found on Earth, certainly of earthly Felicities), *might by any means be entirely restored; at least brought to termes of nearer correspondence.*"

—Vicount [sic] St. Albans *Motives to his Instauration of Sciences in The Advancement of Learning*, 1640.

“Wherefore thou, O Father, who hast conferred visible Light as the Primitiae on the Creature; and breathed into the face of Man Intellectual Light, as the accomplishment of thy works; protect and conduct this Work, which issuing from thy Goodnesse, returns to thy Glory! Thou, after thou hadst surveyed the works thy hands had wrought, saw that all was exceeding Good, and hast rested; but Man surveying the works his hands had wrought, saw that all was vanity and vexation of Spirit, and found no Rest: Wherefore if we labour with diligence, and vigilance in Thy works, thou wilt make us Participants of thy Vision, and of thy Sabbath. We humbly supplicate, that we may be of this resolution, and inspired with this mind; and that thou wouldest be pleased to endow human Race, with new Donatives by our hands; and the hands of others, in whom thou shalt implant the same SPIRIT.”

—*Ibid.* The end of Bacon's Preface.

“But so let great authors have their due, as time, which is the author of authors, be not deprived of his due, which is, farther and farther to discover truth.”

—*Ibid.*

“ ‘The glory of God is to conceal a thing, but the glory of the King is to find it out’ ; as if, according to the innocent play of children, the Divine Majesty took delight to hide his works, to the end to have them found out ; and as if Kings could not obtain a greater honour than to be God’s playfellows in that game, considering the great commandment of wits and means, whereby nothing needeth to be hidden from them.’ ”

—*Ibid.*

TO THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM.

“ ‘Good my Lord,

Procure the warrant for my discharge this day. Death, I thank God, is so far from being unwelcome to me, as I have called for it (as Christian resolution would permit) any time these two months. But to die before the time of his Majesty’s grace, and in this disgraceful place, is even the worst that could be ; and when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe (no I will say it), not unfortunate counsel ; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trusty, and honest, and thrice loving friend to your Lordship ; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon’s time. God bless and prosper your Lordship, whatsoever become of me.

Your Lordship’s true friend, living and dying,

FR. ST. ALBAN.’ ”

Tower, 31st May, 1621.

TO THE KING.

“ ‘May it please your most excellent Majesty,

I humbly thank your Majesty for my liberty, without which timely grant, any further grace would have come too late. But your Majesty that did shed tears in the beginning of my trouble, will I hope shed the dew of your grace

and goodness upon me in the end. Let me live to serve you, else life is but the shadow of death to

Your Majesty's most devoted servant,

FR. ST. ALBAN."

4th June, 1621.

"One day, during his trial, as he was passing through a room where several of his domestics were sitting; upon their getting up to salute him, 'sit down my Masters,' he cried; 'Your rise hath been my fall.' "*"

"It is enough for me that I have sown unto posterity and unto the Immortal God."—BACON.

* The *Life of Francis Bacon*, by David Mallet. Note on p. 85. London, 1768.

BACON'S FRIENDS AND CRITICS.

“SI TABULA DARETUR DIGNA ANIMUM MALLEM.”—

*Lines circumscribing Bacon's miniature
painted by Hilliard in 1578.*

“WHEN the Marquis d'Effiat brought into England the Princess Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles the First, he paid a visit to my Lord Bacon; who being sick in bed, received him with the curtains drawn.

‘You resemble the angels,’ said that minister to him: ‘We hear those beings continually talked of, we believe them superior to mankind, and we never have the consolation to see them.’

Among his countrymen, the names, alone, of those who have adopted his notions, and proceeded on his plan, are his highest encomium. To pass over a long line of philosophers, all illustrious; he reckons in the list of his followers a Boyle, a Locke, a Newton himself.

One singularity there was in his temperament not easily to be accounted for: In every eclipse of the moon whether he observed it or not, he was certainly seized with a sudden fit of fainting, which left him, without any remaining weakness, as soon as the eclipse ended.

Knew how much reason there was to admire him. In this respect we may apply to Bacon what Tacitus finely observed of his father-in-law, Agricola: ‘a good man you would readily have judged him to be, and have been pleased to find him a great man’.”

“Those talents that commonly appear single in others, and they too men of reputation, shone forth in him united and eminent.”

“In conversation, he could assume the most differing characters, and speak the language proper to each, with a

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facility that was perfectly natural; or the dexterity of the habit concealed every appearance of art: a happy versatility of genius, which all men wish to arrive at, and one or two, once in an age, are seen to possess.

As he accompanied what he spoke with all the expression and grace of action, his pleadings, that are now perhaps read (?) without emotion, never failed to awaken in his audience the several passions he intended they should feel."

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As a philosopher, it is scarce hyperbolical to say of him, in Mr. Addison's words, that he had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. To this commendation of his talents, the learned throughout Europe have given their common sanction, and own him for the father of the only valuable philosophy, that of fact and observation. It remains then to consider him, more particularly than we have hitherto done, in this most known and conspicuous part of his character; where his merit is unquestionably great and entirely his own: for to the writings of the antients he was not, he could not, be obliged. They had either mistaken the right road to natural knowledge: or if any of them struck into it by chance, finding the way difficult, obscure, and tedious, they soon abandoned it for ever. He owed to himself alone, to a certain intellectual sagacity, that beam of true discernment which shewed him at once, and as it were by intuition, what the most painful enquirers, for more than twenty ages backward, had searched after in vain."

—*The Life of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England*, by DAVID MALLETT. Pp. 97—100; London 1768.

"Sir Tob. Mathews, In his Epist. to the Duke of Florence prefixt his Itallique Translation of my Lo. Bacon's *Essaies*," amongst other Eulogies deciphers him thus:

'St. Austen, said of his illegitimate sonne *Horrori mihi erat illud ingenium, and truly I have known a great number whom I much valed, many whom I admire, but none who hath so astonisht me, and as it were, ravisht my senses, to see so many and so great parts, which in other men were wont to be incompatible, united, and that in an eminent degree in one sole person. I know not whether this truth will find easy beliefe, that there can be found a man beyond the Alpes, of a most ready wit; most faithful memory; most profound judgement; of a most rich and apt expression; universall in all kinds of knowledge, as in part may be seen by that rare incompatible piece, the "Advancement of Learning," which future ages shall render in different languages. But be the faith of other Nations what it will in this point, the matter I report is so well understood in England, that every man knowes and acknowledges as much, nay, hath bin an eye witnesse thereof; nor if I should expatiate upon this subject should I be held a flatterer, but rather a suffragan to truth, etc'."*

—Testimonies Consecrate to the Merite of the Incomparable Philosopher St. Francis Bacon by some of the Best-Learned of this Instant Age. *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640.

"Praise is not confined to the qualities of his intellect, but applies as well to which are matters of the heart, the will, and moral virtue; being a man both sweet in his conversation and ways, grave in his judgments, invariable in his fortunes, splendid in his expenses, a friend unalterable to his friends; an enemy to no man; a most indefatigable servant of the King, and a most earnest lover of the Public; having all the thoughts of that large heart of his set upon adorning the age in which he lives, and benefitting, as far as possible, the whole human race. And I can truly say, having had the honour to know him for many years, as well as when he was in his lesser fortunes as now that he stands at the top and in the full flower of his greatness, that I never yet saw any trace in him of a vindictive mind, what-ever injury were done him, nor ever

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heard him utter a word to any man's disadvantage which seemed to proceed from personal feeling against the man, but only (and that too very seldom) from judgment made of him in cold blood.

It is not his greatness that I admire, but his virtue; it is not the favours I have received from him (infinite though they be) that have thus enthralled and enchained my heart, but his whole life and character; which are such that were he of an inferior condition I could not honour him the less, and if he were mine enemy I should not the less love and endeavour to serve him."

—SIR TOBIE MATHEW in a Dedicatory letter prefixed to an Italian translation of the *Essays and Wisdom of the Ancients* addressed to the Grand Duke of Tuscany.*

"The fourth [Bacon] was a creature of incomparable abilities of mind, of a sharp and catching apprehension, large and faithful memory, plentiful and sprouting invention, deep and solid judgment, for as much as might concern the understanding part. A man so rare in knowledge, of so many severall kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors, and allusions, as perhaps the world hath not seen, since it was a world. I know this may seem a great hyperbole, and strange kind of riotous excesse of speech, but the best means of putting me to shame will be for you to place any other man of yours by this of mine. And, in the meantime, even this little makes a shift to show that the genius of England is still not onely eminent, but predominant for the assembling in great variety of those rare parts in some single men, which may be incompatible anywhere else."

—From the Preface, by Sir Tobie Mathew of the *Collection of Letters*, edited by DR. DONNE, son of the Dean of St. Paul's, and published 1660.

* *Saggi Morali del Signore Francesco Bacono, cavagliero Inglese, gran cancelliero d'Inghilterra*. In Londra, 1618.

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another."

—Sir Tobie Mathew in a postscript to a letter to Bacon circa 1620.

"I have heard his Lordship say also, That one great reason, why he would not put these Particulars into any exact Method, (though he that looketh attentively into them, shall finde, that they have a secret order) was, Because he conceived that other men would now think that they could do the like; and so go on with a further Collection, which, if the Method had been exact many would have despaired to attain by Imitation. As for his Lordship's love of Order, I can refer any Man to his Lordship's Latin Book, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, which, if my judgment be anything, is written in the exactest order, that I know any writing to be. I will conclude with a usual speech of his Lordship's. That this Work of his Natural History, is the World, as God made it, and not as Men have mad it; for that it hath nothing, if *Imagination*."

—WILLIAM RAWLEY, D.D., in his Address to the Reader in *Sylva Sylvarum*, 1669.

"I have been induced to think, that if there were a Beam of Knowledge derived from God upon any Man in these Modern Times, it was upon him."

—*The Same*, in *The Life of the Right Honourable Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St, Alban* prefixed to *Resuscitatio*, 1671.

"Francis Bacon, the glory of his age and nation, the adorning and ornament of learning, was born at York House or York Place in the Strand."

—*The Same* in *Resuscitatio*, 1671.

"He was no plodder upon Books, though he Read much, and that with great judgment, and rejection of Impertin-

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encies incident to many Authors: for he would interlace a moderate Relation of his Mind with his Studies as Walking, or taking the Air abroad in his Coach, or some befitting Recreation; and yet he would lose no time, inasmuch as upon his first and immediate return, he would fall to reading again, and so suffer no moment of time to slip from him without some present Improvement.

His meals were refectations of the Ear as well as of the Stomach, like the *Noctes Attica*, or *Convivia Deipno-Sophistarum*, wherein a Man might be refreshed in his Mind and Understanding as no less than in his body. And I have known some, of no mean Parts, that have professed to make use of their Note Books, when they have risen from his Table.'"

—*The Same* in *Resuscitatio*, 1671.

"Seeing Winwood strike a dog for having leaped upon a stool, he very justly set him down as of ungente nature. 'Every gentleman,' he said loudly, 'loves a dog.'"

—An Anecdote of Bacon related by HEPWORTH DIXON in *Personal History of Lord Bacon*.

"In future ages men will wonder how my Lord St. Alban could have fallen, how my Lord Middlesex could have risen."

—A contemporary remark quoted in the same, p. 301.

AD AMPLISS. TOTIUS ANGLIAE CANCELLARIUM
FR. B.A.

"Quantus ades, seu te spinosa volumina juris
Seu schola, sea dulcis Musa (Bacone) vocat!
Quam super ingenti tua re Prudentia regnat!
Et tota aethereo nectare lingua madens!
Quam bene cum tacita nectis gravitate lepores!
Quam semel admissis stat tuus almus amor.'"

Tho. Campiani *Epigrammatum Lib II.**

* See *Francis Bacon, a Great Poet*, by Hilda Hartwell Pfeiffer, Bac. Soc., U.S.A.

(Translation).

“How great standst thou before us, whether the thorny
volumes of the Law,
Or the Academy, or the sweet Muse call thee, O Bacon!
How thy Prudence rules over great affairs!
And thy whole tongue is moist with celestial nectar!
How well combinest thou merry wit with silent gravity!
How firmly thy kind love stands by those once admitted
to it.”

“Anagrammatismus ex nomine et cognomine ornatissimi
virtute,
Pariter ac eruditionis gloriæ insignis
Juvenis M. Francisci Bacon, Juris
Municipalis in Hosp. Graiens studiosi
Musarum fautoris, benignissimi.

FRANCISCUS BACONUS
FAC BONUS, SIC CARUS

“Anagrammatis in epigrammate explanatio:—
Serpere nescit humi virtus, sed ut altius effert
Ad loca cultores, nobiliora trahit
Sola etenim virtus, et quæ virtute paratur
Gloria non fictum creditur esse bonum.
FAC BONUS ut maneat virtutem semper ama or.
Virtutem cures vita, colesque sacram.
Sic vir CARUS eris cordi quibus inclyta virtus:
Quæis animi pietas, quæis tua nota fides.
Observantiae ergo Fecit.”

—THOMAS ZWANGER.*

“One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to
bee imitated alone. For never no Imitator, ever grew up
to his *Authour*; likenesse is alwayes on this side Truth:
Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was
full of gravity in his speaking. His language, (where hee
could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly *ensorious*. No

* See *Francis Bacon, a Great Poet and Baconiana*, April, 1909.

man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee utter'd. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces: His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke; and had his Judges angry, and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end."

■ . . . ■ . . .
 "But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) *successor* [Bacon] is he, who hath fill'd up all numbers; and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd or preferr'd, either to insolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits borne, that could honour a language, or helpe study.

Now things daily fall: wits grow downe-ward, and *Eloquence* grows back-ward: So that hee may be nam'd, and stand as the marke, and ἀκμή of our language. I have ever observed it, to have been the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affaires of the *State*, to take care of the *Common-wealth* of Learning. For Schooles, they are the Seminaries of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a States-man, than that part of the Republic, which wee call the *advancement* of Letters. Witnessse the care of Julius Cæsar; who in the heat of civill warre, writ his bookes of Analogie, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord S. Albane, entitle his worke, *Novum Organum*. Which though by the most of superficial men; who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood: it really openeth all defects of Learning whatsoever and is a Booke.

'Qui longum noto scriptori porriget ævum.' My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him, by his place, or honours. But I have, and doe reverence him for the greatnesse, that was onely proper to himselfe, in that hee seem'd to mee ever, by his worke one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many Ages.

In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength: for *Greatnesse* hee could not want. Neither could I condole in a word, or syllable for him; as knowing no Accident could doe harme to vertue; but rather helpe to make it manifest."

—BEN JONSON in *Discoveries*.

"Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if a mystery thou didst!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon and thy Lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a little more to the degree;
England's High Chancellor, the destin'd heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair:
Whose even threads the Fates spun round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-bowl'd crown, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my King."

—A poem on Bacon's Sixtieth birthday by
BEN JONSON.

"Graveur, le papier de ce livre
Où Bacon a peint son sçavoir,
Aura sur le temps ce pouvoir,
Qu'il durera plus que ton cuivre."

Lines written by *Les Oeuvres Morales et
Politiques de Messire François Bacon*.*

* De la version de J. Baudoin, Paris, 1633; see also *Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books*, by Granville C. Cuningham.

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A MONSIEUR FRANCOIS BACON.

"Ce qu'inspiré du Ciel, et plein d'affection
 Je comble si souvent ma bouche, et ma poitrine
 Du Sacré Nom fameux de ta Royne divine
 Ses valeurs en son cause et sa perfection
 Si ce siècle de fer si mainte Nation
 Ingratte à ses honneurs, n'avait l'ame *Æmantine*
 Ravis de ce beau Nom, qu'aus Grace je destine
 Avec eus nous l'aurions en admiration.
 Donc (Baccon) s'il advient que ma Muse l'on vante
 Ce n'est pas qu'elle soit ou diserte, on sçavante:
 Bien que *vostre Pallas* me rende mieus instruit
 C'est pource que nom Lut chant sa gloire sainte
 Ou qu'en ces vers nayfz son Image est empreinte:
 Ou que la vertu claire en mon ombre reluit."

—LA JESSÉE.*

"And, now, my good Lord, if anything make me diffi-
 dent, or indeed almost indifferent how it succeeds, it is
 that my sole ambition having ever been, and still is, to
 grow up under your Lordship, it is become preposterous,
 even to my nature and habit, to think of prospering or
 receiving any growth, either without or besides your Lord-
 ship. And, therefore, let me claim of your Lordship to do
 me this right, as to believe that which my heart says, or
 rather swears to me, namely, that what addition so ever,
 by God's good providence comes at any time to my life or
 fortune, it is, in my account, but to enable me the more to
 serve your Lordship in both; at whose feet I shall ever
 humbly lay down all that I have, or am, never to rise
 thence other than

Your Lordship's in all duty and reverent affection,
 Sept. 11th, 1622. T. MEAUTYS."

—A letter from Thomas Meautys, Bacon's
 Secretary; he was subsequently Knighted,
 and he it was who erected the monument to
 Bacon in St. Michael's Church at St. Albans.

*Probably Jean de la Jessée, Secraite de la Chambre to Francois
 Duc d'Anjou who was a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth,
 affectionately called by her "The Frog." See *Is it Shakespeare?*
 by a Cambridge Graduate, p. 284.

"Yet with great applause he acted both these high parts, of the greatest scholler and the greatest States-man of his time: and so quit himselfe in both, as one and the same Person, in title and merit, became Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and of the Great Seale of Nature both at once, which is a mystery beyond the comprehension of his own times, and a miracle requires a great measure of faith in Posterity, to believe it."

—GILBERT WATS in the Dedication of *The Advancement of Learning*, 1640.

"My memory neither doth, nor, I believe, ever can, direct me to an example more splendid in this kind than Lord Bacon, Earl (sic) of St. Albans, who in all companies did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. So as I dare maintain, without the least affectation of flattery or hyperbole, that his most casual talk deserveth to be written: As I have been told that his first or foulest copies required no great labor to render them competent for the nicest judgments. A high perfection, attainable only by use, and treating with every man in his respective profession, and what he was most versed in! So as I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time outcant a London Chirurgeon.

Thus did he not only learn himself, but gratify such as taught him; who looked upon their callings as honoured through his notice.

Nor did an easy falling into argument,—not unjustly taken for a blemish in the most,—appear less than an ornament in him; the ears of the hearers received more gratification than trouble; and so not less sorry when he came to conclude than displeased with any that did interrupt him. Now, this general knowledge he had in all things, husbanded by his wit, and dignified by so majestic a carriage he was known to own, struck such an awful reverence in those he questioned, that they durst not conceal the most intrinsic part of their mysteries from him, for

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fear of appearing ignorant or saucy. All which rendered him no less necessary than admirable at the Council-table, where in reference to impositions, monopolies, &c. the meanest manufactures were an usual argument: and, as I have heard, did in this baffle the Earl of Middlesex, that was born and bred a citizen."

—FRANCIS OSBORNE in his *Advice to his Son*.

"The most universal genius I have even seen or was like to see."

—*The Same*.

"In short, all that were *great and good* (Aubrey's italics), loved and honoured him: His favourites took bribes, but his Lordship always gave judgment, *Secundum Alquum et bonum*. His decrees in Chancery stand firm, there are fewer of his decrees reversed than of any Chancellor."

—JOHN AUBREY.

"His Lordship would many times have musique in the next room where he meditated."

—*The Same*.

"Posterity I hope will do his Lordship honour and benefit to themselves in a larger and more accurate collection of his works."

—ARCHBISHOP TENISON in *Baconiana*, 1679.

"And those who have true skill in the works of the Lord Verulam, like great masters in painting, can tell by the design, the strength, the way of colouring, whether he was the author of this or the other piece though his name be not on it."

—*The Same*.

"Such great wits are not the common births of time, and they surely intended to signify as much, who said of the Phoenix, (though in hyperbole as well as metaphor), that nature gives the world that individual species but once in five hundred years."

—*The Same*.

"Verulamius and Campanella are the two Hercules that have vanquished the monster Aristotle."

—KOMENSKY in his *Physica*.

"Grace, Honour, Vertue, Learning, witt,
Are all within this Porture Knitt;
And left to time that it may tell
What worth within this Peere did dwell."

—Verses under a portrait of Bacon in *The Mirror of State and Eloquence*, 1656.

"Le jugement et la memorie ne furent jamais en aucun home [?] au degre qu'ils estoient en celuy-cy; de sorte qu'en bien peu de temps il se rendit forte habile en toutes les sciences qui s'apprenent au College. Et quoi que deslors il fust jugé capable des charges des plus importantes, neanmoins pour ne tomber dedans la mesme faute que sont d'ordinaire les jeunes gens de son estoffe, qui par une ambition trop précipitée portent souvent au maniemment des grandes affaires un esprit encore tout rempli des crudities de l'escole. Monsieur Bacon se voulut acquerir cette science qui se rendit autre-fois Ulysse si recommandable et luy fit meriter le nom de Sage, par la connaissance des moeurs de toutes de nations diverses."

—M. PIERRE d'AMBOIS Sr. de la Magdelaine in *Histoire Naturelle de Mre. François Bacon, Baron de Verulan (sic) Vicomte de Saint Alban et Chancelier d'Angleterre*; Published y Antoine de Sommaville and André de Soubron, Paris, 1631.

"He now continually growing in wisdom is by James, King of Great Britain, and also by the Parliament, chosen High Chancellor of England and Keeper of the Privy Seal of the King, to whom many affairs of jurisdiction have their appeal from divers provinces, towns and places—to have them again looked over by him and have his verdict anew. Of this task he acquitted himself in a way that all eyes were fixed on him, and that many foreign Kings,

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potentates and ambassadors honoured him greatly when they had to present their embassies and lay their requests before the King and thereupon expected answer from the King by him. Further, showing himself as a second Seneca, or as a light of the world, he first became suspect to some learned men in his country, but by divers authors in Italy, France, Germany, the Netherlands, highly esteemed, and often greeted by them in letters, some of which I have seen and read, as also the answers to the same.

Once the last line of one of them ran—'*perge ut cepisti me, præcipere autem veritatem, amare.*' He thus excelling in wisdom and eloquence and surpassing all (ut et Libri et acta probant), was therefore lastly envied by many imitators in his own country as a phoenix who had no equals and like a prophet who seldom received honour in his own country.'"

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"This is also noteworthy in him, that both high wisdom and high offices were at the same time with him; it is doubtful if this could have been so with anyone in such a high degree.

On this account he can the more be held *rari quid*, hereby holding a State, as there was none greater under the Crown; holding open house and free kitchen; also a retinue of servitors (sometimes a hundred or more persons, when he had invited some ambassadors or grandees) being thereto partly bid by the honour of the King.

In the winter he resided in London, in the summer in the country—about half-a-day's journey from thence, near to his vice-countyship of St. Albans, at his Seigneurial Verulam—this being a very beautiful and pleasant place, where sometimes were seen together forty or fifty coaches of gentlemen and Lords coming to take counsel with him and to perform their affairs and matters of business. Here a word concerning his memory must needs be told. I have never seen him having a book in his hand; only that he sometimes charged either his chaplain or me to look in such and such an author—how he described this or that in

such or such a place—and then, what he had thought in the night or had invented, in the morning early he bid us write."

“But how runneth man's fortune? He who seemed to occupy the highest rank is, alas! by envious tongues near King and Parliament deposed from all his offices and Chancellorship, little considering what treasure was being cast in the mud, as afterwards the issue and the result thereof have shown in that country.

But he always comforted himself with the words of Scripture—*nihil est novi*; that means, ‘there is nothing new’: Because, so is Cicero by Octavianus; Callisthenes by Alexander; Seneca (all his former teachers) by Nero; Yea Ovid, Lucanus, Statius (together with many others) for a small cause very unthankfully—the one banished, the other killed, the third thrown to the lions.

But even as for such men banishment is freedom—death their life; so is for this author his deposition a memory to greater honour and fame, and to such a sage no harm can come. This was also proved later. When the Parliament was once assembled, and a certain affair was being treated and could not well be brought to an end King James said: ‘O! had I my old Chancellor Bacon here, I would speedily have an end to the affair.’

The only cause of his before-told disfavour with the King and Parliament is held to be, either his great state, or his enjoyed endowments; whereupon followed that when he entered Parliament with his state and retinue the King, paying attention thereunto, said, ‘My Chancellor's servants are costlier than mine own; they are besemed and behung with gold buttons as if it cost no money; and so on.’

“To conclude, although his rivals had robbed him of his state, afterwards he carried on the same state as he did before his Chancellorship—to stop the mouths of those who spread that he died in a low degree. And to conclude as I

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began, so it is that whilst his fortunes were so changed, I never saw him—either in mien, word, or acts—changed or disturbed towards whomsoever; *ira enim hominis non implet justitiam Dei*, he was ever one and the same, both in sorrow and in joy, as becometh a philosopher; always with a benevolent allocution—*manus nostrae sunt oculatae, credunt quod vident*.

He was also bountiful, and he would gladly have given more, and also with greater pleasure, if he had been able to do more; therefore it would be desirable (he having died anno 1626, on the 9th April, being 66 years old) that a statue or a bronzen image were erected in his country to his honour and name. as a noteworthy example and pattern for everyone of all virtue, gentleness, peacefulness and patience."

—Extracts from PETER BÖENER's Life of Bacon prefixed to the Dutch edition of Bacon's *Essays*, Leyden, 1647. The Translation above is by Professor J. d'Aulnis de Bourouill, of Utrecht University. See *Baconiana*, July, 1906.

"To True Nobility, and Tryde Learning, Beholden To no Mountaine for Eminence nor Supportment for Height, Francis, Lord Verulam, and Viscount St. Albanes.

O Give me leave to pull the Curtaine by,
That clouds thy Worth in such obscurity,
Good Seneca, stay but a while thy bleeding,
I accept what I received at thy Reading.
Here I present it in a solemne strayne,
And thus I pluckt the Curtayne backe againe."

—THOMAS POWELL, in *Attourney's Academy*, 1830.

"The Lord Chancellor Bacon, was a man of the most strong brain, and a chymical head; designing his endeavours to the perfecting of the Works of Nature; or rather improving Nature to the best Advantages of Life, and the common benefit of Mankind. Pity it was, he was

not entertained with some liberal salary, abstracted from all Affairs both of Court and Judicature, and furnished with sufficiency of means and Helps for the going on of his Design. Which had it been, he might have given us such a body of Natural Philosophy, and made it so subservient to the public good, that neither Aristotle, nor Theophrastus amongst the ancients; nor Paracelsus, or the rest of our latter chymists, would have been considerable."

—A Character of Lord Bacon, given by DR. PETER HEHLIN, in his *Life of Arch-Bishop Laud*, Part I., page 64, Anno 1620.

"To the royall ingenious, and all-learned Knight, Sir Francis Bacon.

Thy *bounty* and the *Beauty* of thy witt
Compris'd in lists of *Law* and learned *Arts*
Each making thee for great *Employment* fitt
Which now thou hast (though short of thy deserts)
Compells my pen to let fall shining *Inke*
And to bedew the *Baies* that deck thy *Front*
And to thy health in *Helicon* to drinke
As to her *Bellamour* the *Muse* is wont:
For thou dost her embozom; and doth use
Her company for sport twixt grave affaires;
So utter'st Law the livelyer through thy *Muse*
And for that all thy *Notes* are sweetest *Aires*;
My Muse thus notes thy worth in ev'ry line,
With yncke which thus she sugers; so to shine.'

—JOHN DAVIES of HEREFORD in his *Scourge of Folly*, Circa 1610.

"When you awake, dull Brittons, and behold
What treasure you have thrown into your mould,
Your ignorance in pruning of a state,
You shall confess, and shall your rashness hate:
For in your senseless fury you have slain
A man, as far beyond your spongy brain

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Of common knowledge, as is heaven from hell;
And yet you triumph, think you have done well."

.....
"O! that I could but give his worth a name
That if not you, your sons might blush for shame!
Who in arithmetic hath greatest skill
His good parts cannot number, for his ill
Cannot be called a number; since 'tis known
He had but few that could be called his own:
And these in other men (even in these times)
Are often praised, and virtues called, not crimes.
But as in purest things the smallest spot
Is sooner found than either stain or blot
In baser stuff; even so his chance was such
To have of faults too few, of worth too much.
So by the brightness of his own clear light,
The moles he had lay open to each sight."

.....
"O could his predecessor's ghost appear,
And tell how foul his Master left the chair!
How every feather that he sat upon
Infectious was, and that there was no stone
On which some contract was not made to fright
The fatherless and widows from their right.
No stool, nor board, no rush, nor bench, on which
The poor man was not sold unto the rich,
You would give longer time the room to air
And what ye now call foul would then be fair."
—DR. LEWIS, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford.

"From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went
And like the old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd Land
And from the Mountain's top of his exalted wit,

Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.
 But life did never to one Man allow
 Time to discover Worlds and conquer too ;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of Nature's sea.
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And were unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt th'excess
 Of low affliction, and high Happiness:
 For who on things remote can fix his sight
 That's always in a Triumph, or a Fight?"

—*A Character of the Lord Bacon's Philosophy*
 by MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY, in his poem to the
 Royal Society.

"Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our owne
 or any country has produced."

—ADDISON, in *The Tatler*.

"His wit was brilliant, and when it flashed upon any
 subject it was never with ill-nature, which, like the crack-
 ling of thorns, ending in sudden darkness, is only fit for the
 fool's laughter. The sparkling of his wit was that of the
 precious diamond, valuable for its worth and weight
 denoting the riches of the mine."

—BASIL MONTAGU.

"In wit, if by wit be meant the power of perceiving
 analogies between things which appear to have nothing in
 common, he never had an equal—not even Cowley, not
 even the author of *Hudibras*. Indeed he possessed this
 faculty, or this faculty possessed him, to a morbid degree.

When he abandoned himself to it, without reserve, as he
 did in the *Sapientia Veterum*, and in the end of the second
 book of the *De Augmentis*, the feats which he performed
 were not merely admirable, but portentous and almost
 shocking."

—MACAULAY'S *Essays*.

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“With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension, such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any person. The small fine mind of Labruyère had not a more delicate tact than the large intellect of Bacon. . . .

His understanding resembled the tent which the fairy Parabanon gave to Prince Ahmed. Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady; spread it, and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade.”

—*The Same.*

“In keenness of observation he has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own.”

—*The Same.*

“Il y a pour les ouvrages d'esprit comme pour le caractère des hommes, une qualité qui ne peut être ni acquise, ni imitée, qui, si elle n'est pas la plus nécessaire, est la plus imposante, une qualité qu'on supplée, mais que rien n'égale, et qui produit sur l'imagination plus d'effet encore que le vrai et le beau, c'est la grandeur. La grandeur semble résider plutôt dans la manière, que dans la pensée.”

. . . . “Il est impossible de ne pas reconnaître une certaine grandeur dans Bacon.”

L'excès d'admiration qu'il inspire à ses compatriotes s'expliquerait par l'allure de sa pensée et sa diction, quand le fond des doctrines ne le justifierait en rien.” . . .

“Il se saisit tellement de l'imagination, qu'il force la raison à s'incliner, et il les éblouit autant qu'il les éclaire. C'est que, même en rasant presque toujours le sol, il montre les ailes d'un aigle.”

—CHARLES DE REMUSAT.*

Dean Church, in his *Life of Bacon*, states that Bacon lived in the constant and almost unaccountable faith that his life would be understood and greatly honoured by posterity.

* *Bacon, sa vie, son temps, Sa Philosophie*, p. 1, Paris, 1857

"There is something about Bacon's diction, his quaintness of expression, and his power of illustration, which lays hold of the mind, and lodges itself in the memory, in a way which we hardly find paralleled in any other author, except it be Shakespeare."

—PROFESSOR FOWLER in his Introduction to Bacon's *Novum Organum*.

"The wisdom displayed in Shakespeare is equal in profoundness to the great Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*."

—HAZLITT.

"He (Bacon) seems to have written his Essays with the pen of Shakespeare."

—ALEXANDER SMITH.

"There is an understanding manifested in the construction of Shakespeare's plays equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*."

—CARLYLE.

"It may be safely affirmed that no works, either in our own or any other language can be produced, however bulky or voluminous, which contain a richer mine of perceptive wisdom than may be found in these two books of the philosopher and the poet—the *Essays* of Bacon and the *Aphorisms* of Shakespeare."

—DR. NATHAN DRAKE in *Shakespeare and his Times* (1817) referring to a collection of aphorisms from Shakespeare by a MR. LOFFT.

"The philosophical writings of Bacon are suffused and saturated with Shakespeare's thought."

"These likenesses in thought and expression are mainly limited to those two contemporaries. It may also be admitted that one must have copied from the other. This fact is reasonably certain, and deserves to be treated with courtesy."

—GERALD MASSEY.

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“An activity so unparalleled neither the cares of office, not illness, nor vexation of spirit, nor the shadow of disgrace, or of age, could impede.

His work as a lawyer and statesman would have filled a life had not his labours as a philosopher and a man of letters been sufficient to adorn it. With an energy like that of Scott after his ruin, he set himself to add fresh tiers to his enduring monument.”

—PROFESSOR JOHN NICHOL.

“No Man was ever a Great Poet without being at the same time a Profound Philosopher.”

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

BACON IN THE SHADOW.

“The great cause of his suffering is, to some a secret. I leave them to find it out, by his words to King James: ‘I wish that as I am the first so I may be the last of sacrifices in your Times’.”—

Archbishop Tenison in Account of all the Lord Bacon's Works published with Baconiana, 1679.

“But even as for such men banishment is freedom—death their life; so is for this author his deposition a memory to greater honour and fame, and to such a sage no harm can come.”—*Peter Böener.*

“THE last five years of his life being withdrawn from Civil Affairs, and from an active life, he employ'd wholly in Contemplation and studies. A thing whereof his Lordship would often speak during his active life, as if he affected to die in the Shadow and not in the Light; which also may be found in several Passages of his Works.”

WILLIAM RAWLEY, D.D., in a life of Bacon prefixed to *Resuscitatio* 1671.

“Now that at once my age, my fortunes, and my genius, to which I have hitherto done but scanty justice, call me from the stage of active life, I shall devote myself to letters, instruct the actors on it,* and serve posterity. In such a course, I shall, perhaps, find honour. And I shall thus pass my life as within the verge of a better.”

BACON in a letter to Count Gondomar, Ambassador from the Court of Spain, dated 6th June, 1621.

“But when it seemed that nothing could destroy his position, Fortune made clear that she did not yet wish to abandon her character for instability, and that Bacon had too much worth to remain so long prosperous. It thus came about that amongst the great number of officials such as a man of his position must have in his house, there was one who was accused before Parliament of exaction, and of having sold the influence that he might have with his

*“et ipsos actores instruat.”

master. And though the probity of M. Bacon was entirely exempt from censure, nevertheless he was declared guilty of the crime of his servant, and was deprived of the power that he had so long exercised with so much honour and glory. In this I see the working of monstrous ingratitude and unparalleled cruelty; to say that a man who could mark the years of his life, rather by the signal services that he had rendered to the State, than by times or seasons, should have received such hard usage, for the punishment of a crime which he never committed."*

"To the Reader

Common censure hath stamp't it for a currant Proverb, that it is better for a man to be *fortunate* than *wise*, for worldly wisdom, though she seem always to fawn on fortune, yet can never command, and seldome intreat her service: It hath been thought the pride and privilege of that power we call fortune to bestow her best favours, where she finds least worth to crown folly, and cross wisdom to make fools happy, and the wise unfortunate, as a Queen she is supposed to shew her greatest Majesty in man's weakness, to pity sloth and envy industry, as most jealous, lest man's wit or endeavours should challenge any part of her *Prerogative*: But he that knows wisely to Arbitrate betwixt the clouds of Pagan ignorance, and the clear sun-shine of Christianity, betwixt Poetick fancies and Prophetick visions, shall find vulgar opinion only mistaken in the name, ascribing that transcendent power of disposing of worldly actions to a Deity which they call *Fortune*, which Christianity might have taught them more properly to have termed *Providence*, and howsoever they have bounded her large Empire beyond their own reason, yet Christianity hath travailed much farther, and yet can prescribe no limits, as that which transcends into an Infinite, and out-reaching the eye of all discovery, and though no place hath been found so base in the Theater of Nature or Civil Actions

**Histoire Naturelle de Mre. François Bacon, Baron de Verulan* [sic] *Vicomte de Saint Alban et Chancelier d'Angleterre*, Paris, 1631.

See *Bacon's Secret Disclosed in Contemporary Books*, by Granville C. Cuninghame. pp. 54—55.

wherein Providence cannot shew the abundant Trophees of her magnificence; yet there desires she to triumph most, where to men she seems to have least power; Her chiefest glory is to set up her Ensignes on the gates of man's wisdom, and tread on the neck of worldly policy.

No marvel then that our learned *Author*, in whom neither Philosophy could add, or reason dictate more, whom neither wisdom could encrease, or affliction diminish, only Providence could challenge a Jurisdiction, his Eminent Parts subjecting him to the detraction of his Enemies, whose malice soon Eclipst his Glories, and laid his honours and virtues bleeding in the dust. Those whom neither the Sword could Conquer, nor Treason Undermine, whom neither pleasure could allure, nor riches perswade, nor greatness tempt to the least dishonour, only envy and malice could bring into subjection, as the curst Handmaids that providence permits (but not allows) to humble our greatness and aspiring thoughts; And although dispaire is an Infirmary in man's nature, rather deserving men's pity than indignation, A Child it is whom the sence of misfortunes begets on great spirits, which no sooner beholds the light, but covers darkness, as if it made no more use of life, then to instruct him the next way to death; yet when the sad cloud of Royal-frown lay hovering over his Lordship's head, entered not that accursed infirmity into his most excellent breast, nor in that bottomless pit wherein no passenger could cast Anchor finds he himself plung'd, nor as one arrested by death's immediate Sergeant, prepares he for his next appearance, no thoughts of better dye once than fear always, and shut up all mischiefs in one death, than spin out life in many misfortunes.

And though to live at another man's benevolence seems the smallest privilege of a Subject, and to dye at his own command the greatest Prerogative of a King, yet a base Heads-man shall not share so great a glory, as Chopping of a Head* enriched with so much policy and wisdom,

*This is an extraordinary statement. History does not record that Bacon was ever in imminent danger of execution. It was thought well, in view of the above, to set out all the address, *To the Reader*.—EDITORS.

but rather Justice herself shall seem to entreate no other hands in his stately execution than his Royal Master's mercy; which he no sooner besought but obtained, and then with a head filled up to the brim, as well with sorrow as wisdom, and covered and adorned with grey hairs, made a holy and humble retreat to the cool shades of rest, where he remained triumphant above fate and fortune, till heaven was pleased to summon him to a more glorious and triumphant rest: Nor shall his most excellent pieces part of which though dispersed and published at several times in his life time, now after his death lie buried in oblivion, but rather survive time, and as Incense smell sweet in the nostrils of posterity; this was the pious care of Doctor *Rawleigh* his Lordship's first and last Chaplain, who having the custody of all his Manuscripts, did intend so to pay the last tribute of his faithful service to his dear Master's memory, and in order to which those most excellent pieces of his Lordships *Natural History* and *Resuscitation*, both first and second Impression, he both carefully and faithfully look'd over, before he committed them to the Press, were by the great diligence and industry of Master *Leigh*, they suffered almost no worse fate, being publish'd not with above two literal faults; and then being desirous that all other of his Lordship's pieces that were extant in *Quarto*, *Octavo*, and *Twelves*, might be so Reprinted, as to be reduct (together with what other Manuscripts were yet conceal'd from the eye of the world) into one Folio Volume; but death preventing his eyes from beholding the accomplishment of so good a design; The structure remained unfinished, but those to whom the memory of the learned *Author* remains as a precious Ointment, would never behold so great a general good lie neglected, and therefore what of those pieces that could be collected and got together, and that were beginning to espouse dust by the hand of Envious Time, you have here united into one body, and if any of his other *Pieces* or *Manuscripts* should by an accident arrive into those hands, that will make it their business to be in the enquest of them, such care will be taken to have them so Printed, as

capable of being Bound up (if occasion serves) with all or any of his other *Works* extant in Folio: It being his desire, that such excellent pieces might be preserved an Eternal Monument to future Ages, who is his Lordship's Admirer,

and your humble Servant

CHARLES MOLLOY."

Charles Molloy's address *To The Reader* in Second Part of *Resuscitatio*, 1670.

BACON'S FAREWELL TO FORTUNE.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

'Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
 Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
 Honour the darling of but one short day;
 Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damasked skin;
 State but a golden prison to live in
 And torture freeborn minds; embroidered trains
 Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
 And blood allied to greatness is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
 I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak,
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke.
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected, while the ass goes free;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;
 I would be poor, but see the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
 Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;
 Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more;
 I have wished all, but now I wish for neither,
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.
 Would the world now adopt me for her heir;

Would Beauty's Queen entitle me the fair ;
 Fame speak me fortune's minion ; could I vie
 Angels with India ; with a speaking eye
 Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike Justice dumb,
 As well as blind and lame ; or give a tongue
 To stones by epitaphs ; be called 'Great Master'
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster.
 Could I be more than any man that lives,
 Great, fair, rich, wise, in all superlatives ;
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
 Then ever Fortune would have made them mine ;
 And hold one minute of this holy leisure
 Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.
 Welcome pure thoughts ! Welcome ye silent groves !
 These guests, these courts, my soul most truly loves.
 Now the wingèd people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring ;
 A prayer book now shall be my looking glass,
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale faced fears ;
 Then here I sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
 And learn to affect an holy melancholy ;
 And if contentment be a stranger then,
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven, again.'

A PRAYER OF BACON'S.

"Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father, from my
 youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter.
 Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and
 secrets of all hearts: Thou acknowledgest the upright of
 heart: Thou judgest the hypocrite: Thou ponderest men's
 thoughts and doings as in a balance: Thou measurest their
 intentions as with a line: vanity and crooked ways cannot
 be hid from Thee. Remember, O Lord, how Thy servant
 hath walked before Thee: remember what I have first
 sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions.
 I have loved Thy assemblies: I have mourned for the

divisions of thy Church : I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first and the latter rain ; and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes.

I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart : I have though in a despised weed procured the good of all men.

If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them ; neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure ; but I have been as a dove free from superfluity of maliciousness. They creatures have been my books, but Thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I have found Thee in Thy temples.

Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions ; but Thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart through Thy grace hath been an unquenched coal upon Thy altar.

O! Lord my strength, I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by Thy fatherly compassions, by Thy comfortable chastisements, and by Thy most visible providence.

As Thy favours have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections ; so as Thou hast been always near me, O! Lord ; and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me ; and when I have ascended before men I have descended in humiliation before Thee.

And now when I thought most of peace and honour, Thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to Thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in Thy fatherly school not as a bastard but as a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies ; for what are the sands of the sea, earth, heavens, and all these are nothing to Thy mercies.

Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious talent of Thy gifts and

graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it as I ought to exchanges, where it might have made best profit, but misspent in things for which I was the least fit; so I may truly say my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for thy Saviour's sake, and receive me into thy bosom or guide me in Thy ways.'

"I have lost much time with my own age which I would fain recover with posterity."—BACON.

"There is heresy enough in Shake-speare to have carried him to endless stakes; political liberty enough to have made him a glorious jacobin. If he had appeared as a Divine, the authorities would have burned him; as a politician, they would have beheaded him."
—*Rev. George Dawson.*

"History furnishes no parallel to the imposition that prevails on this subject in and around Stratford; a whole community devoting itself more than one hundred years to every kind of deception and fraud for commercial purposes in the name of a poet; whilst a nation of forty millions of people, admittedly one of the most intelligent and high-minded in the world, looks on and approves."
—*Edwin Reed.*

BACON AS A CRYPTOGRAPHER.

‘Find out knowledge of witty inventions.’—*Proverbs*, VIII., xii.

‘It is the glory of God to conceal a thing: but the honour of kings is to search out a matter.’—*Proverbs*, XXV., ii.

‘**L**ET us come unto the Art of Delivery, or of Expressing, and Transferring those things which are Invented; Judged; and laid up in the Memory; which, by a generall name, we will terme Tradition. . . . For there seemes to be other *Traditive Emanations* besides *Words* and *Letters*. For this is certaine whatsoever may be distinguished into differences, sufficient for number, to expresse the variety of Notions (so those differences be perceptible to sense) may be the Convoy of the Cogitations from man to man. For we see Nations of different Language to trade with one the other, well enough to serve their turne, by *Gestures*. Nay in the Practice of many, that have bin dumbe and deafe from their birth, and otherwise were ingenious, we have seen strange Dialogues held between them, and their friends, who have learned their *Gestures*. Moreover it is now generally knowne that in China, and the Provinces of the high Levant, there are at this day in use, certain Reall, and not *Nominall Characters*; that is, such as express neither *Letters*, nor *Words*; but *Things*, and *Notions*: in so much that many Countries that understand not one an others Language, but consenting in such kind of *Characters* (which are more generally receiv’d amongst them) can communicate one with another by such *Figures* written; so as every Country can read and deliver in his owne native tongue, the meaning of any Book written with these *Characters*. . . . Let us come to CYPHARS.

Their kinds are many, as *Cyphars simple*; *Cyphars intermixt with Nulloses*, or non-significant Characters; *Cyphers of double Letters under one character*; *Wheele-Cyphars*; *Kay-Cyphars*; *Cyphars of words*; *Others*. But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferr’d are three; *That*

268 Bacon as a Cryptographer.

they be ready, and not laborious to write; That they be sure, and lie not open to Deciphering; And lastly, if it be possible, that they may be managed without suspicion. . . .

We will annexe an other invention, which in truth, we devised in our youth, when we were at *Paris*: and is a thing that yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost. It containeth the *highest degree of Cypher*, which is to signifie *omnia per omnia*, yet so as the *writing infolding*, may beare a quintuple proportion to the *writing infolded*; no other condition or restriction whatsoever is required. It shall be performed thus: First let all the *Letters of the Alphabet*, by transposition, be resolved into two *Letters* onely; for the transposition of two *Letters* by five placings will be sufficient for 32. Differences, much more for 24. which is the number of the *Alphabet*.

"The knowledge of Cyphering, hath drawne on with it a knowledge relative unto it, which is the knowledge of Discyphering, or of Discreting Cyphers, though a man were utterly ignorant of the Alphabet of the Cypher, and the Capitulations of secrecy past between the Parties. Certainly it is an Art which requires great paines and a good witt and is (as the other was) consecrate to the Counsels of Princes: yet notwithstanding by diligent prevision it may be made unprofitable, though, as things are, it be of great use. . . The judgement hereof we referre to those who are most able to judge of these Arts. For seeing it is the fashion of many who would be thought to know much, that every were makeing ostentation of words and outward terms of Arts, they become a wonder to the ignorant, but a derision to those that are Masters of those Arts: we hope that our Labours shall have a contrarie successe, which is, that they may arrest the judgment of every one who is best vers'd in every particular Art; and be undervalued by the rest."

—*Advancement of Learning*, 1640.*

* See further description in "A Cypher within a Cypher," by Henry Seymour.

APPENDIX.

We append a list of the household of Francis Bacon as given by James Spedding in *Lord Bacon's Letters and Life*, Vol. VI., pp. 336-8. His notes give the following authority for the list (S.P. Dom James I, Vol. XCV., No. 64) and state that those names marked with an asterisk have a line drawn through them in the MS.

In his introduction to this list Spedding says: "Though imperfect, it will help to complete our idea of his style of life in the day of his greatness; and the names and functions of his principal officers and attendants may sometimes be of use in explaining transactions which would be otherwise obscure."

This sentence expresses our reasons in giving the list.

A Cheque [Roll] of all the servants of the Right [Honourable Sir Francis] Bacon, Knight, Lord Chancellor of [England].

Mr. Oates, Mr. Lewis: Chaplins.

Mr. Leigh: Sergt. at arms.

Mr. Sharpeigh: Steward.

Mr. Hatcher: Seale-Bearer.

Mr. Yonge, Mr. Thomas Mewtys: Chief Secretaries.

Mr. Johnson, Chief Gentn. Usher.

Mr. Phillips: Auditor.

Mr. Edmund Mewtys: Gent. of the Horse.

Mr. Harris, Mr. Jones: Remembrancers for Benefices.

Mr. Troughton, Mr. Boroughs: (illegible).

Mr. Butler, Mr. Bushell: Gentn. Ushers.

Mr. Alman: Clerk for the Commission of Peace.

Mr. Hunt: Receiver of Casual Fines.

Mr. Lowe, Mr. Edney, Mr. Woder, Mr. Nicholson,

Mr. Sherborne, Mr. Goodrick: of the Chamber.

Mr. Bassano: Sewer.

Capten Garrett, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Faldo, Mr. Travers,

Mr. Wells. Mr. Bowes, Mr. Guilman, Mr.

Fletcher, Mr. Anthony, Mr. Percy, Mr. Nicholas

Bacon, Mr. Underhill, Mr. Mannering, *Mr.

Carrell, *Mr. Parsons, Mr. Allen, Mr. Portington,

*Mr. Goodericke, Mr. Josline, Mr. Moyle, Mr. Walley, Mr. Hogins, *Mr. Ball, *Mr. Price.
*Mr. Pearce, Mr. Beall Saperton: Gentlemen Waiters.

Mr. Cokayne, Mr. Bettenham, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Pad-don: Pages.

James Edwardes: Door Keeper.

Robert Durant: Barber.

Stephen Read: Messenger.

Humphrey Leigh, Neale: Yeomen Ushers.

Henry Syll, (Blank in MS.): Mr. Cooks.

Willm. Ockold, John Nicolson, Christopher King: Yeomen of the Wardrobe.

Roger Pilkington: of the wine cellar.

Edward Isaack, John Humphrey, *Joan Humphrey: of the ewry and pantry.

Richard Edwards, Morrice Davies, John Oakes, Wood: Butlers.

Richard Wood: Bottleman.

George Price: Yeoman of the Horse.

John Whitney, Cook.

Spedding concludes the above list by saying: "The sheet of parchment on which this is written is divided into two columns, the first of which ends here. Of the second which has been almost obliterated, enough remains to shew that it contained the remainder of this list (making the number of names 100), and then another list of some other household (Gorhambury, perhaps) which fills the rest of the column, and appears to have been continued on the other side. The number of names on this side is about 50. How many on the other it is impossible to guess."

A LIST OF THE CHIEF ACKNOWLEDGED WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON.

The Essays, editions in following years, 1597, 1598, 1604, 1606, 1612, 1625.

Treasons of the Earl of Essex, 1600-1.

An Apology Concerning Essex, 1603.

The Advancement of Learning, 1604-5.

In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ, 1606-7.

The Plantation of Ireland, 1608-9.

De Sapientia Veterum, 1610-11.
Novum Organum, 1619-1620.
The History of Henry VII., 1621-2.
Historia Ventorum, 1621-2.
Historia Vitae et Mortis, 1622-3.
De Augmentis Scientiarum, 1622-3.
A Dialogue touching an Holy War, 1622-3.
Apophthegms, 1623-4.
Translations of Certain Psalms, 1623-4.
Sylva Sylvarum, 1625-6.

POSTHUMOUSLY PUBLISHED WORKS.

New Atlantis, 1627.
Tracts on the Law, 1630.
Latin Edition of Bacon's Works, edited by Rawley, 1638.
The Advancement of Learning, Interpreted by Gilbert Wats, 1640.
The Felicity of Queen Elizabeth, 1651.
Resuscitatio, edited by Rawley, 1657.

WORKS STATED TO BE LOST.*

Abeedarium Naturae, A Metaphysical Fragment.
Historia Gravis et Levis.

'In 1665, the first real 'Complete edition of Francis Bacon's Works' in Latin (1324 Folio columns) appeared in Frankfort-on-the-Main (not in London, not in England). In 1694, the second, still completer (sic) edition of the 'Opera Omnia' (1584 Folio columns) appeared in Leipzig (not in England this time either, nor in London).'

—Edwin Bormann's *Francis Bacon's Cryptic Rhymes*, Appendix to Chapter I, p. 222.

* By Rawley in his *Life of Bacon*, prefixed to *Resuscitatio*, 1671.

PALLAS ATHENE.

"The philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world, but under the mask of poets."—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

"**P**ALLAS ATHENE was the tutelar Divinity of the Greeks. The name *Pallas* was derived from *παλλειν*, meaning to shake, evidently so-called from the fact that she is represented in statuary art as armed with a spear. On the Acropolis in Athens where her statue by Phidias was long the wonder of the world, the spear rose far above her head; it is said to have been seventy feet in length. In Liddell and Scott's Greek-English lexicon her name is given etymologically as

"THE BRANDISHER OF THE SPEAR."

The Romans, viewing her in the light of her intellectual qualities, called her *Minerva*, a word derived from *mens*, signifying mind. With them, accordingly, she was the personification of thought; thus under the two appellations combined she is presented to us by these great nations as the Divine symbol of wisdom and power. Her father, Zeus, was the greatest of the gods, and her mother, Metis, the wisest of them.

Among the ancients, therefore, Pallas Athene became the patroness of learning. As such she was universally worshipped. The great temple of learning in Athens, where poets, philosophers, and men of letters generally were accustomed to meet and read their works for the instruction of others, was named for her, Athenæum. In the second century of the Christian era, Hadrian founded a similar institution in Rome under the same sacred name. Indeed, this has been the custom in nearly all literary communities throughout the world (as in Paris, London, Berlin, Boston, Brunswick, and elsewhere) to the present day, however unconscious modern generations may be that the brightest, most god-like image of the highest civilization which the world has ever known is still animating and inspiring them. Athens, the home of the noblest cult; Pallas Athene, the

recognised source of its intellectual and moral power. That is to say, the goddess with her spear stands for the strength that is always inherent in the cause of truth.

Another and deeper view of the subject remains to be considered. Pallas Athene represents not only Art in general, but also in the highest sense precisely that branch of art to which the plays of "Shake-speare" belong. Richard de Bury, who was high chancellor of England in the fifteenth century, and one of the most learned men of that age, attributed to Minerva (or Pallas Athene) a special function in literature, thus:

"The wisdom of the ancients devised a way of inducing men to study truth by means of pious frauds, the delicate Minerva secretly lurking beneath the mask of pleasure."

This was published under the title, "A Vindication of Poetry," meaning, of course, epic or dramatic poetry, such as the Greek poets have given us, and such as *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *Anthony and Cleopatra* are now recognised to be. These and all others of their kind, viewed historically, are what was meant by de Bury as "pious frauds." It thus appears that in the highest cultivated circles of England, long before the time of Francis Bacon, Pallas Athene was identified with the Dramatic instinct and became an exceedingly appropriate pseudonym, for the author of plays to be known as Shake-speare's, or as those of the goddess, so named.'—From the Preface to *The Truth concerning Stratford-upon-Avon*, by EDWIN REED.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Stratford Bust and the Droeshout Engraving. By SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD (Cecil Palmer, 49, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.) 2s. 6d. net.

This excellent little book is a smashing reply to Mr. M. H. Spielman's work, "The Title-page of the First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays—A comparative study of the Droeshout Portrait and the Stratford Monument." The author shews the striking incongruity between the present apocryphal Bust of Shakespeare in Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, and the Engraving of the original Bust in Sir William Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, which copy was made by Sir William himself—now in the possession of his lineal descendant, Mr. W. F. S. Dugdale, of Merevale Hall—and shews that Mr. Spielman makes out a wretched case in attempting to explain such incongruity by an alleged inaccuracy of Sir William, or by the inaccuracy of the engraver, whether Hollar or another. Sir George argues with a great deal of perspicuity in maintaining that the extraordinary dissimilarity of the two busts was brought about by some structural repairs done to the Monument and particularly to the Bust itself in 1748 and 1749. An amusing as well as instructive piece of reading is his tracing of the dandified moustache (now upon the Bust) of foreign origin as not having been seen in this country at the time of the actor's death. It is unfortunate that the restricted space at our disposal in the present issue prevents a fuller notice of this latest but not least of Sir George Greenwood's pungent criticisms of the Shakespeare myth, and we urge our readers to procure the book itself without delay.

The "Impersonality" of Shakespeare. By the late EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, C.B. (Cecil Palmer, 12s. 6d.)

A remarkable posthumous work of 330 pages, and worthy a place in every Baconian library. As the author of *Edmund Spenser and Impersonations of Francis Bacon* we recognise a scholarly, literary and historical critic and one who has no doubt about the real authorship of the books commonly ascribed to Spenser. In the present work, he brings much light and cogent logic to bear in relation to Bacon's authorship of other works of the period, and particularly in reference to the Immortal Plays. "The great connecting link," he says, "between Bacon and Shakespeare's plays is to be found, in my opinion, in the anonymous Latin play *Pedantius*, which was performed in the hall of Trinity College,

Cambridge, probably about 1583. In some correspondence in the Literary Supplement of the *Times* (Mar. 27th, April 17th, May 1st, 1919), I drew attention to a concealed design to be seen in the ornamental border of the title page, which, in my opinion, points to the authorship of Bacon. But I attach much more importance to the internal evidence pointing to the same conclusion. . . . So far as I have observed, most of our experts in Elizabethan literature are orthodox "Shakespeareans." When editing or noticing obscure works of this character they often display great erudition in citing parallels from other books, however worthless they may be in themselves. For some curious reason, however,—perhaps because they fear the contamination of 'Baconianism,'—they seem always to avoid the works of Bacon. In the case of *Pedantius* all the most striking parallels are to be found in his works."

The Prince of Poets and Most Illustrious of Philosophers. By S. A. E. HICKSON, Brig.-General., C.B., D.S.O. (R.E.ret.). 366 pp., 16 illustrations, and with Epilogue by Harold Shafter Howard. (Gay & Hancock, 12, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., 7s. 6d. net).

Here is a timely and valuable work by an author who has the real Baconian perception. With a rare instinct the author engages in the task of drawing a continuous sketch, absorbingly interesting, of the life of the young "Shakespeare" in the guise of early Francis Bacon, based primarily on his own extensive researches, but supported by those of other writers. He links these up together by means of Dr. Rawley's "Life of Bacon," the authentic history of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses and visits to Theobalds, to Bacon's home at Gorhambury, and the Earl of Leicester's castle, and festivities at Kenilworth, the Queen's Entertainments at Woodstock, and references to the Calendar of State Papers, of Hatfield MSS., the Acts of the Privy Council, etc. Incidentally he throws light on the true meaning of Bacon's "Valerius Terminus" which has been regarded as obscure, but the first and true origin of which he traces to Gascoigne's "The Needle's Eye" in the "Droomme of Doomesday," in which the *terminus ad quem* is defined as the ends to which a man's actions tend.

The book is written in a style which, whilst it transfixes and rivets the reader's attention throughout, fills his mind with an insatiable admiration for the genius of the immortal exponent of human passion and character and greatest of all masters of the art of expression, known to the world as Shakespeare. In him, the author sees, not only the Prince of Poets, but a Prince of the royal blood, the son of a Queen-mother, the gifted but flinty-hearted

Queen Elizabeth, the "Fairy Queen," so jealous of her own power that she feared the rivalry of her own son, and for this and other reasons, it seems, disinherited him and destroyed every record by which he could assert his claim, as stated by Mrs. Gallup or Dr. Owen in their cypher disclosures. But the author demonstrates his thesis by the method of inductive reasoning recommended by Bacon himself in his philosophical works. He does not hold a brief for any cypher revelation, as referred to, but merely confirms their substantial accuracy by a collection of historical and literary evidences so numerous and striking that his inferences seem inevitable. The illustrations are arresting, and that facing p. 59, shewing the Hilliard portrait of Bacon at 18, side by side with the Queen Elizabeth portrait at the National Portrait Gallery, reveals a facial configuration and expression of close resemblance which the student of comparative physiognomy will immediately recognise.

The Cipher Inscription beneath the Bust of William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. Deciphered by H. A. W. Speckman, Doctor of Mathematics, Driebergen, Holland. 8 pp., with coloured wrapper.

This important pamphlet shews most clearly that the inscriptions on the Stratford Monument are cryptic revelations that "Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam" was the "concealed" author of "Shakespeare." The cypher methods used by Bacon in these inscriptions are (a) the *Gematria*, by which a name can be expressed by a number, and (b) the method of the Abbot Trithemius, whereby secret letters are involved in a covering text orchemathically, their ordinal number being the terms of an arithmetical series; and these letters may be *transposed* by the rule adopted by Julius Cæsar, and extended by Trithemius. A photographic *facsimile* of the Stratford Monument is given, together with that of the Latin inscription (enlarged), and a complete demonstration of the secret message therein contained. We regard this as one of the most important contributions to our subject at the present time.

H.S.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE usual annual dinner of the Bacon Society took place at Stewart's Restaurant, Piccadilly, on January 22nd, in celebration of the 365th Birthday Anniversary of Francis Bacon. A good number of members and friends attended. Sir John A. Cockburn presided, and amongst those present were the Dowager Lady Boyle, Lady Sydenham, Sir Edward Boyle, Sir Plunket Barton (late Judge), Prebendary Gough, Sir St. Clair Thomson (President, Royal College of Medicine), Sir George Greenwood, Dr. Geikie Cobb, His Honour Judge Cooper, Mr. Bridgewater (Gray's Inn), and others. Sir John Cockburn, in proposing the first toast, "The Immortal Memory of Francis Bacon," outlined the life of Bacon and described him as the greatest of Englishmen. His opinions on almost every topic, he said, were as true as applied to our own times as they were three centuries ago, and were as essential to the highest aims of modern statesmanship. Judge Cooper, in proposing the toast, "The Bacon Society," said that with regard to the disputed authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays he was, so to speak, sitting on the fence. His intellect certainly directed him to come down on the side of the Baconians, but his conservative instincts made him incline to the other side. In order to settle the vexed question, he suggested the formation of a Royal Commission which should have access to all the available data on the subject and then he would abide by its decision. Several other toasts followed, which were spoken to by Sir Plunket Barton, Sir St. Clair Thomson, Mr. Crouch Batchelor, Miss Alicia Leith, Sir George Greenwood, Mr. Wilfred Gundry, Dr. Geikie Cobb, Mr. Henry Seymour, and Mrs. Henry Wood.

The *death* of Francis Bacon took place, according to Dr. William Rawley, on April 9th, 1626. The Hertfordshire Archæological Society is organising a Tercentenary Commemoration of that event at Gorhambury, St. Albans, on Saturday, April 1st. Sir Edgar Wigram, Bart., the honorary secretary, cordially invites the members and friends of the Bacon Society to take part. The proceedings are set out hereunder.

- 12 noon. Service at St. Michael's Church, with special prayers of Bacon's composition, and a special address by the very Rev. Dr. Hutton, Dean of Winchester.
- 1 p.m. Luncheon at St. Michael's Memorial Hall.

- 2 p.m. Visit (a) to the Pondyards; (b) to the Ruins of Sir Nicholas Bacon's house; (c) Gorhambury House, where an exhibition of Bacon relics will be on view.
- 5 p.m. Tea at the Memorial Hall.
- 5-30 p.m. Lecture (in Memorial Hall) by Sir Richard Lodge, L.L.D. "Bacon as a Politician and a Historian." Discussion.

Some members of our Society have already expressed their desire to attend, and the hon. sec. of the "Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban," Miss Alicia A. Leith, requests as many members of the Guild who can to make an effort to be present, and that each will wear a red rose as a badge. Miss Leith will meet her members and their friends outside St. Michael's Church shortly before noon, when a procession will be formed and Miss Leith will lay a wreath upon the famous Bacon cenotaph in the chancel prior to the Service. Owing to a rather unsatisfactory morning train service from London to St. Albans, Sir Edgar Wigram suggests that if a minimum number of fifty persons will engage to take train to St. Albans his Committee would arrange with the railway company for a special non-stop, starting from St. Pancras at 11 a.m. We find that many of our members intend to make the journey in their own cars. So if by any chance the required number cannot be obtained, then arrangements will be made to charter a motor-bus, or more than one if necessary, if those wishing to attend will communicate as soon as possible with Henry Seymour, as announced in *Fly-Leaves*, at "St. Maur," 544, Caledonian Road, N. 7. It is also desirable that they indicate, at the same time, the number requiring lunch and tea, on account of the necessary catering preparations.

TICKETS. Inclusive Tickets (A, B, C) prepaid, will also (subject to the foregoing) be issued to those applying before March 31st, by M. G. DASHWOOD, ESQ., The Pré, St. Albans, Herts.

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|-----|---|----|----|----|---|
| (A) | Return fares from London (1st Class), Bus Transport, Lunch, Tea and Lecture | .. | .. | 15 | 0 |
| (B) | 3rd Class Ditto | .. | .. | 12 | 6 |
| (C) | Lunch, Tea and Lecture only (no transport) | .. | .. | 6 | 0 |

LOCAL TICKETS, PREPAID (C and D), to be obtained from Mr. H. A. RICHARDSON, 5, High Street, St. Albans, up to April 16th.

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|-----|---------------------------------------|----|----|---|---|
| (D) | Tea only, and Lecture (in Hall) | .. | .. | 3 | 0 |
| (E) | (Lecture in Hall) only; (Pay at Door) | .. | .. | 1 | 0 |

The Annual General Meeting of the Bacon Society took place on March 4th, at Canonbury Tower. Sir John Cockburn presided. After the balance-sheet had been duly accepted, the election of

Officers followed, when Sir John Cockburn was again unanimously elected as the President for the ensuing year. Lady E. Durning Lawrence, Miss Alicia A. Leith, Mr. Granville C. Cuninghame, and Mr. H. Crouch Batchelor were duly elected Vice-Presidents. Mr. Horace Nickson was elected as Chairman of the Council, and Mr. Henry Seymour, Vice-Chairman. Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. R. E. Mitchell were elected as Hon. Treasurer and Auditor respectively. The following Members of the Council were also elected: Dr. H. P. Dean, Mr. H. Bridgewater, Mrs. Vernon Bayley, the Rev. E. F. Udny, Mrs. Ernest Hill, Mrs. T. Dexter, Miss A. Turner, Mr. Parker Brewis, and Mr. A. H. Barley. When the business was concluded, refreshments were served and a pleasant *conversation* ensued.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the deaths of two of our most valued and esteemed members, Mr. W. M. Grimshaw (of Eastry) and Mr. John Rose (of West Monkton), formerly a Metropolitan magistrate and the Senior Bencher of Gray's Inn, aged 84. Both were indefatigable researchers in the fields of classic literature and archæology, and both took the keenest interest in Bacon cyphers. Shortly before his death Mr. Grimshaw sent in the MS. of an article for *Baconiana*, which we hope to find room for in the next issue. To the relatives of Mr. Grimshaw and of Mr. Rose, we extend our profound sympathy in their bereavement.

We regret further, to learn of the recent demise of Sir Sidney Lee, after a trying illness, at the age of 66. At one time a vigorous opponent of Baconians, he lived long enough to qualify his opinions as to their sanity. He retired from the Professorship of English Language at East London College, University of London, about a year ago. According to the *Daily Sketch* "it was on the advice of Jowett, who saw a great future for the clever young Jew, that Solomon Lazarus became Sidney Lee while at Balliol." We were under the impression that Sir Sidney's real name was Solomon Lazarus Levi, but that is a matter of no importance. "What's in a name?" asks the master. It is the man that matters, and Sir Sidney was certainly in many ways a charming personality, if somewhat pedantic.

Prometheus has been active lately at Stratford-on-Avon. On the 6th ultimo the "Shakespeare" Memorial Theatre was ablaze and damage was sustained, estimated at £50,000. By a happy chance, the greater part of the wonderful library was rescued, ten thousand volumes being passed from hand to hand by willing helpers and brought to safety. The ceremony of laying the first

stone of the "Memorial" took place, with full Masonic honours, on April 23rd, 1877, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, by the Right Hon. Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Warwick, and Provincial Grand Master of Warwickshire. The building, by the late Mr. Charles E. Flower, was formally opened in 1879, on which occasion Lady Helena Faucit (afterwards Lady Martin) appeared in William Shakespeare's delightful and singularly appropriate comedy, *Much Ado About Nothing*. If a re-building is contemplated, has not the time now arrived to consider the removal of the Memorial to St. Albans? Has not the Stratford foolery been sufficiently played out? Pertinent questions these, challenging reply.

"My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up *myself*." —SHAKESPEARE.

H.S.

Just as we go to press our attention is called to a remarkable illustrated article in the *Graphic* for March 20th by Mr. C. W. Hopper, entitled, "Was Bacon Queen Elizabeth's Son?" The most prominent picture is that of the crowned head of a youth which occupies the pride of place upon the "Shakespeare" Monument in Westminster Abbey. Until Mr. Hopper detected the anatomical resemblance of the bust to the head of Bacon at 18, nobody, apparently, so much as suspected it. The Tudor expression is plainly in evidence, while the reproductions of the Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon miniatures by Hilliard make a three-fold harmony. The author also goes deeply into the Rosicrucian connection of the "Shakespeare" and the "Nicholas Rowe" monuments, and Pope's connection with Rowe, Shakespeare's first biographer. The cabala number 157 is in evidence on both, and we may say that in addition to this seal being that of "Fra Rosi Crosse," as Mr. Hopper believes, it is also that of "W. Shakespeare, Bacon."

ERRATUM.

Page 277 line 31 read 17 for 1ϕ. *By a careless omission (not sooner detecting, evidently, a typic hybrid) we are sorry for error in Gorhambury note. Earmark date.*